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*The*

# *Cresset*

O. P. KRETZMANN, *Editor*

JOHN STRIETELMEIER, *Managing Editor*

VICTOR F. HOFFMANN, *Associate Managing Editor*

ROBERT W. BERTRAM, *Associate Managing Editor*



## IN THE OCTOBER CRESSET - - -



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The Cresset Vol. XXIV, No. 10 October, 1961

# In Luce Tua

## Comment on the Significant News by the Editors

### Defeat in the U.N.

OPINIONS DIFFER on Mr. Adlai Stevenson, as on any public figure, but for ourselves we see in this intelligent, sensitive, profoundly moral man a symbol of our country at its best as it confronts the ambiguous realities of the world power situation. Torn between the ideal and the necessary, between long-term and short-term interests, Mr. Stevenson plays his role as ambassador to the United Nations with every appearance of being a very uncomfortable man – as well he might, for he is often called upon to speak for a very uncomfortable nation.

Mr. Stevenson's embarrassment was never more evident than in the recent General Assembly debate on the quarrel between France and Tunisia over the Bizerte naval base. This was an issue which found our oldest and most sensitive ally, France, as nearly dead wrong as a country can be. It had openly violated a directive of the United Nations requiring it to evacuate Tunisian territory and it had thumbed its nose at the U.N. itself by refusing even to discuss the matter in the General Assembly. The complainant, Tunisia, was not only a country which has been friendly toward the West; it stood as a symbol of all those new nations in Asia and Africa which, having finally achieved independence, are not minded to yield any portion of their sovereignty to former colonial masters. Our own traditions and our desire to win the confidence of these new and, for the most part, uncommitted nations dictated our siding with Tunisia on this issue.

But, of course, we couldn't do that – unless we were prepared to cut France dead. At the best of times, France is a touchy ally. Under General deGaulle, it is even touchier. Moreover, the General does not care much for the United Nations or, indeed, for any organization that might seem to limit the sovereignty of France.

There are, however, countries which do care a great deal about the United Nations and look with concern upon any weakening of its authority. These countries are chiefly small countries, to whom the U.N. represents a forum in which they speak as loudly as any of the Great Powers. Many of these small countries are new countries, chiefly in Asia and Africa. But included in their number are some very old and prestigious countries, such as the Scandinavian kingdoms, and some countries whose good will is important to us, particularly in Latin America.

There are other countries, those of the Soviet bloc, which welcome any chance to give the shaft to any of the major Western powers, particularly if, in doing so, they can appear to be championing the cause of the small nations.

Given this situation, what could Mr. Stevenson – who, remember, speaks for all of us – say or do? Well, he did the best he could, which wasn't very good. He built a fence and resolutely climbed atop it. After failing to get the draft resolution killed or emasculated, we abstained from voting on the question because, as Mr. Stevenson put it, we did not believe 'it would be useful for the Assembly to adopt a resolution which, regardless of its merits, might serve only to prolong the present stalemate" between France and Tunisia.

We watched Mr. Stevenson make this statement on television, after the vote had been recorded, and he looked for all the world like a man who was resolutely chewing an under-ripe persimmon. And we were feeling for him with a kind of "there but for the Grace of God" feeling. He had the verdict of the Assembly before him: 66 in favor of the motion of censure, 0 against it, 30 abstentions. We were among the abstainers – an abstainer in this case being one who wanted to vote with Tunisia but didn't dare to. It's a very uncomfortable position for a world power to be in, particularly for a power which has always interpreted leadership in moral terms, but maybe in the long run it is a salutary experience. We have nearly worn ourselves to a frazzle trying to conceal from ourselves, and

others, the marks of our lost innocence. Perhaps once we accept the rueful fact that we are sinners like everybody else we can get down to the business of trying to get along with our sinful neighbors in the community of nations.

## More to Come

The vote on the Bizerte issue may have marked a kind of coming-of-age for the United Nations. Certainly it put us on notice that we may suffer some reverses in the world assembly in the future. Hitherto, we have always been able to rally enough support — even though at times it was of a rather grudging sort — to get our own way on matters that really counted. The corollary to this happy situation has been that we have not had to fall back upon the Veto and have, therefore, been free to condemn the use of the Veto. Things may be different now.

We shall have a chance to see how far matters have gotten out of hand this month (this is being written early in September) when the question of seating Red China comes up for consideration. It seems probable that, if the question gets onto the floor of the Assembly, we shall be out-voted, possibly by a fairly large majority. Whether the matter can be kept off the floor of the Assembly is hard to say. Even some of our closest allies seem to feel that we have played a game of make-believe long enough, and that the time has come to recognize the obvious, though unhappy, fact that the effective ruler of China is Mao Tse-tung and not Madame Chiang Kai-Shek's husband.

Our thinking on the "China problem" has undergone some sharp revision just in the past six months. We still think it is ridiculous to pretend that the Chiang regime is, in any sense of the term, the government of China, and we still think it is necessary to give some sort of practical recognition to the fact that the Communist regime is the *de facto* government of China. But on the particular question of seating Red China in the United Nations we have come to believe that it might be best simply to declare China's seat in the Assembly and on the Security Council temporarily vacant, pending the re-establishment of one government for all of China. This is a kind of weasel way out, perhaps, but we don't relish the idea of giving a permanent seat on the Security Council, with the right of Veto, to a regime which denounces even co-existence as a policy of softness.

What we started out to say, though, was that what we or our representatives at the U.N. think may not make a whole lot of difference when the question of Red China's admission comes before the Assembly. If the vote should go against us, we hope that we will not "pick up our marbles and go home." Imperfect as it may be, the United Nations is still the nearest thing we have to a parliament of mankind and our highest national interests require us to throw the full weight of our support behind it. Such support demands, among other things, that we accept unfavorable decisions without resorting to the use of the Veto.

## Berlin (Continued)

When we first came across Mr. Anthony Hartley's suggestion in the *Spectator* that Berlin be made a free city under the United Nations we were inclined to dismiss the idea as a bit of English whimsey; in fact, we were tempted to write a couple of paragraphs on the non-need of whimsical solutions to serious problems. We still don't think Mr. Hartley has come up with a practical solution to the problem, but the more we think about it the more we are inclined to wish it might be the solution.

There would be certain ironic appropriateness in thus internationalizing the city which was, for so long, the center and symbol of the world's most virulent nationalism. It would be all the more appropriate if Berlin might become the actual seat of the United Nations. We have before stated our reasons for feeling that New York is not the most desirable site for the United Nations. Berlin, on the other hand, would have much to recommend it. Situated within the zone of contention between East and West, Berln is the one major city of the world where East and West are human realities, rather than bogeymen. Scarred by the last war, Berlin might serve as a reminder that the world can not afford another war.

We can see another reason, also, for internationalizing Berlin under United Nations control. The division of Germany into two republics is, and must be accepted as, an accomplished fact. It is a deplorable fact, but it is a fact, nevertheless. If this be granted, it is obvious that a divided Berlin can only continue to be a focus of infection for all of central Europe. Looked at from the East German point of view, it is a ready-made base for West German intrigue. Looked at from the West German point of view, it is an island of free Germany which lies under the perpetual danger of being cut off from the West by the closing of the access routes leading to it. Looked at from Moscow, it might very well be what Khrushchev has called it, a bone stuck in his throne. Looked at from Washington or London or Paris, it is the symbol of our intention to resist any further Communist aggression.

There are times when the only way to escape from a dead end is to strike out in some bold new direction. Perhaps Mr. Hartley's suggestion is not as outlandish as it may seem.

## Brave New World Revisited

A group of distinguished citizens has published an open letter to President Kennedy urging him "to consider promptly" a recommendation of the 1959 Draper Committee which called for assistance in population planning to friendly nations upon their request. This is obviously an explosive request to lay on the desk of a President who is a Roman Catholic, but Mr. Kennedy

has shown the courage to juggle dynamite before when the national welfare demanded it and we hope that he will give a careful hearing to the arguments contained in this open letter also.

The letter points out that millions of people in Asia, Africa, and Latin America are living on twenty cents a day. We and other nations have been pouring billions of dollars into these countries in an attempt to bolster their economies and, in the process, raise living standards. But, as Mr. Eugene R. Black, president of the World Bank, has pointed out: "Population growth threatens to nullify all our efforts to raise living standards in the poorer countries. Unless population growth can be restrained, we may have to abandon for this generation our hopes of economic progress in the crowded lands of Asia, and Africa and the Middle East."

The letter quotes United Nations estimates that world population is increasing at the unprecedented rate of half a billion in this decade. India's population grew 61 per cent faster in the past ten years than in the previous decade and stands now at 438 million. Pakistan's population, which doubled itself between 1901 and 1961, is now in the process of redoubling itself in only half the time. Latin America's population is expected to rise from its present 200 million to nearly 600 million in the next thirty-odd years. Whatever the long-range prospects may be, the earth is simply not capable of absorbing such huge population increases in such short periods of time.

There are good Christians, whose views we respect, who believe that it is morally wrong to set any limits to man's ability to be fruitful and multiply. We think they are mistaken, but the ones we know are utterly sincere. For ourself, we know of no solution to this problem except some sort of deliberate limitation on population growth — birth control, to be blunt about it. If this solution is not morally acceptable, we think that those who challenge it have a moral obligation to suggest some better solution. And let us have no science-fiction stuff about hydroponics and harvesting the sea and building huge Plexiglass domes over the tundra. We have looked into every one of these schemes for increasing production carefully enough to know that they are not the answer.

Meanwhile, just to irritate our own consciences a bit, here is a quotation from Mr. George McGovern, director of the Food for Peace program: "I suspect that when historians of the future reconstruct the history of the American people during the past ten years, they will devote many puzzled hours trying to decide why it was that in a world of hunger, in which we were involved in a great global competition, so many Americans regarded their agricultural abundance as a national headache."

## Hurray for Atlanta!

President Kennedy was surely speaking for the great majority of us when he congratulated the city of Atlanta and its leaders upon the orderly desegregation of four of that city's high schools. Georgia is as "Deep South" as any state in the Union, and Atlanta, of all cities, has reason to nurse resentments from Civil War and Reconstruction days. But Atlanta has also been blessed with intelligent leadership which looks to the future, rather than to the past, and in recent years it has had the benefit (unusual in the Deep South) of a state government which was at least sympathetic to urban problems.

Great men cast long shadows, and modern-day Atlanta has grown up under the shadow of one of the South's greatest figures, Henry W. Grady. Grady was an Atlanta newspaper editor who was born in 1851 and died in 1889. His short life spanned the South's most tragic era. He saw his city reduced to ashes by Sherman's army and he lived through the worst of the Reconstruction era. But Grady had no patience with those who would dwell upon the tragedies of the past. The South must, Grady insisted, pull itself together and get about the business of rebuilding. It took a while for the message to get through, but eventually it did; and modern-day Atlanta is the result.

In recent years, the spokesmen for the Grady spirit have been Atlanta's long-time mayor, William B. Hartsfield, and another great editor, Ralph McGill of the Atlanta *Constitution*. McGill has a nation-wide reputation as a practical liberal. Mayor Harstfield, who will soon be retiring from office, is a man of much wisdom and patience who might have made a nation-wide reputation if he had not chosen to devote his life to the service of his city. He has served it well, and perhaps someday he will receive the recognition he deserves.

Why all this name-dropping? Because Atlanta demonstrates what we consider a basic truth about democracy: that, at its best, it is a system through which the people confide power to those among them who are capable of using power intelligently and responsibly. Democracy does not function at its best when it makes such an idol of the common man that it assumes he is capable of leadership. The real function of democracy is to seek out those whom nature has equipped to lead, and to give such people the opportunity to use their abilities in the public service. The people of Atlanta long ago identified their real leaders and put them in a position to lead. The people of Arkansas, Mississippi, and Alabama have so far, unfortunately, chosen mouthpieces rather than leaders and are, as a result, paying the price that man must always pay when he ignores or violates nature.

A postscript: what Atlanta has accomplished may seem small in purely quantitative terms. But considering the circumstances, it represents a tremendous leap forward. It seems to us that Atlanta has challenged the great cities of the North where segregation in the schools is the practice, without even the virtue of being honestly admitted.

## A Chance to Redeem Our Reputation

The decision of the Soviet Union to resume atomic testing offers our country a unique opportunity to prove to the rest of the world that our national policies are based upon positive conviction and are not mere responses to stimuli from outside. President Kennedy says that our atomic arsenal is large enough and powerful enough to defend the entire world. If this is true, there seems to be no good argument for our resuming atmospheric testing except the childish argument of tit for tat. Meanwhile, the great positive argument for not resuming atmospheric testing is that the vast majority of mankind considers the pollution of the atmosphere with atomic wastes dangerous and immoral – a judgment which, whether we agree with it or not, is bound to have important consequences in the world power situation.

It seems to us that the wisest course we could follow would be to allow the U.S.S.R. to bear the full brunt of world indignation over atomic testing – particularly since, to put it quite cynically, we have nothing to gain from retaliating in kind. The world remembers all too well that we are the only country that has actually used atomic weapons agains another people. If, by refusing to resume atmospheric testing, we could convince the world that we have learned caution and restraint in the use of such weapons, we will have done a great deal to re-assert our claim to moral leadership which was so badly damaged over Hiroshima and Nagasaki.

In saying this, we do not pretend to be able to arbitrate the disputed question of whether atomic testing actually does create a serious hazard to life. Nor do we claim to be competent to give a final answer to the question of whether we should have used atomic weapons to hasten the end of the war against Japan. The point is that, whatever the facts may be, articulate opinion in most countries outside the "Atomic Club" considers this kind of testing perilous and irresponsible, and it considers the actual use of such weapons (particularly by a "white" nation against a "colored" nation) the height of immorality. Respect on our part for opinions so strongly and sincerely held by so many people would do much to enhance the prestige that we were so concerned about during last year's presidential campaign.

## Separate Tables

This past week one of our contributors, a man past fifty, left a very responsible job and a comfortable home to do an extended tour of duty as a chaplain in one of the units that have been called up by the President.

The disagreement which has disturbed relations between the Missouri Synod and the Wisconsin Synod for the past decade and longer can be boiled down, finally, to one simple question about this man: "What about him – is he a servant or a traitor to Jesus Christ?"

The fact that he is making a tremendous sacrifice to serve does not in itself, of course, throw any light on the answer. Men can be as zealous in the service of evil as of good, particularly if they mistake evil for good. Leaders of the Wisconsin Synod assert that the first obligation of the Christian is to keep himself unspotted from the world, even if this means passing up opportunities to preach the Word of Life. (On the floor of a recent session of the Synodical Conference, a Wisconsin Synod pastor flatly stated that it was the obligation of the Church to avoid unionistic practices, and if this meant failing to minister to the spiritual needs of its young people in the armed services, God would have to take care of that problem.) Leaders of the Missouri Synod, on the other hand, have insisted that the first obligation of the Christian is to preach the Word, even if this means going out into a world which is neither safe nor friendly to the children of God.

Our friend, the chaplain, goes with the blessing and support of the Missouri Synod. If we take the Wisconsin Synod's recently adopted resolution suspending fellowship with the Missouri Synod as literally and as earnestly as it was apparently meant to be taken, it is the judgment of the Wisconsin Synod that our colleague goes, like the Prodigal Son, to a far country to live among pigs; and that the only hope that is left for him is that he will somday "find himself" and come home.

We think that the Wisconsin Synod is busily engaged in straining out gnats and swallowing camels, but we wouldn't care to make an issue of the matter because we do not claim to be sprouting wings ourself. We confess to a feeling of relief, though, that we no longer have to feel obliged to pretend a unity of spirit which no one of our generation in either Synod has actually experienced. We hope that God will continue to use both Synods, as He has in the past, for the great work that He has assigned to His Church. Meanwhile, we hope that the energies which both Synods in the past spent on the futile effort to achieve unity through union will be spent on more profitable enterprises.

**Dr. A. R. Kretzmann is in Europe. His articles on the fine arts will be resumed immediately upon his return.**

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## Friends Today, Allies Tomorrow

BY ALFRED R. LOOMAN

ALMOST EVERYONE knows about the thousands of foreign students who are attending American colleges and universities. Their presence here augurs well for our future relations with their countries, for many of the students, upon their return, will be leaders in their native lands. Little, however, is known about another group being trained in the United States, a group of men whose present positions in their respective countries will have a more immediate affect on our foreign relations. This group is composed of military officers from almost every country friendly with the West, who are undergoing training at one or another of our military establishments.

This summer I spent a little time with a few of the thousands of foreign Army and Navy officers now training in the U.S. There were officers from the Philippines, from Greece, Viet Nam, Turkey, Nationalist China, Belgium, Korea, Haiti, and Ethiopia in this particular group. In rank, they ranged from Ensign to Captain, or from Lieutenant to Colonel. The amount of time they will spend in this country depends on the course they are taking, but most will be here for a year or more.

The importance of the impression they get of this country, the potential for good relations, and the immediate affect they may have on the friendliness of their country toward the U.S. is emphasized by the fact that two fairly recent graduates of U.S. military courses are now affecting foreign relations. One of these is General Pak, boss of the junta ruling South Korea, and the other is Colonel Huynh Van Cao, coordinator of all military activity in Viet Nam and former aide to President Ngo Dinh Diem. Those who attend these courses are carefully chosen by the foreign military services and their chances of heading these services someday are exceedingly good.

All of the officers spoke English, some perfectly and others with a little difficulty, but all spoke it well enough to understand what was going on in class. Most of them had been studying English since their primary grades, and hearing them speak our language fluently made one realize again what language cripples we Americans are. Surprisingly, these men picked up slang and could use idiomatic expressions in a very short period of time. While the Asians spoke the best English so far as construction is concerned, they were often the most difficult to understand, since they have a singsong delivery and their sentences were ended on an ascending note. For some reason, the Greeks and the Turks seemed to have the most difficulty with our language. One night a Bingo game was in progress at the officers' club and I sat down to watch at a table where four Turkish officers were playing. One of them had been in this country only a few weeks and he was having difficulty, so when a number was called such as "under B number 6" his fellow officers would translate this into Turkish for his benefit. They must have been translating correctly because before the evening was over he had won a free drink and a study lamp.

Since the field of electronics is a highly technical one with a jargon all its own, I asked several officers if they had difficulty with terms in class, and I discovered that the electronics vocabulary is a universal one: "radar" is "radar" wherever it's spoken. As one of the Chinese said, "After all, it is your electronic equipment on our ships," and, after a moment's pause, "In fact they're your ships."

All of the officers seemed able to understand and enjoy the American sense of humor. One of the Philippine Navy officers attending a Public Information Officer course (public relations and journalism) had the best grasp of English of any of the officers. Called on suddenly in class one day to deliver an extemporaneous speech, he talked for an hour and ten minutes without notes in a hilarious speech laced with American jokes. But, he had mentioned that when he travelled to other cities – and he had done considerable travelling through the States – and had walked against a red light or needed help, he always said to the policeman, "Me no spik English."

The impression these officers now have of our country is uniformly good. The American officers attending these same courses spend hours helping the foreign officers who may be having trouble with English or the course work, and they are all accepted extremely well, both professionally and socially, by all the Americans they meet. Fortunately they can live on the same scale as their American classmates, for though they are paid by their own military services, the U.S. furnishes them with a subsidy on the order of a cost-of-living bonus. Overall this is not costing our government a great deal of money and I know of no other program aimed at improving foreign relations in which we are getting and will continue to get so much value out of a dollar.

# Christian Faith and Modern Psychiatric Knowledge

By H. B. Kidd, M.B., D.P.M. Cert. Psych. R.C.P.S. (C).
*Consultant Psychiatrist and Medical Superintendent,*
*Towers Hospital, Leicester, England*

IN EVERY AGE THE Church has to examine the discoveries of scientists in the light of its only authority, the Bible; for in Scripture is enshrined the faith once delivered to the Saints. This is not always an easy task because, as has been said so often, Scripture is not a textbook of science and not only is it not that, but Biblical scholars may have a hard task determining when Scripture is speaking figuratively. This difficulty has often led in the past to the Church being too hasty in its judgments. For instance, it was said that Columbus could not sail round the earth because the theologians of that age maintained that the Bible stated that the earth was a flat circle. Therefore, anyone attempting to sail round it would fall off the edge.

In the last century Darwin's discoveries were too hastily rejected because they seemed to be an attack on man's uniqueness and a direct contradiction of what the Bible had to say about creation in the first chapters of Genesis. In addition, the way in which the humanist used these theories to justify his own philosophical beliefs only had the effect of confirming the Church in its view that Darwin's hypothesis was the work of the Devil.

The contemporary problem for the Church is to decide whether modern psychiatric knowledge is a threat to the apostolic faith of the Church or whether this knowledge is not only compatible with the historic faith but able, in fact, even to enrich it. Our problem then is to consider what the implications of modern psychiatric knowledge are for the Christian.

Up until the time of Freud it is more or less true to say that man was considered a fully responsible being who, being fully aware of his psychological and spiritual processes, could by an act of the will decide for good or evil unless he was obviously afflicted by a serious disease of the mind. Then he was excused. Disease of the mind was considered to be a frightening visitation, mysterious, meaningless, and without any obvious cause. For many hundreds of years mental disease was considered to be the work of evil spirits and this resulted in all sorts of heroic and often cruel treatments in order to drive the spirits out. Towards the end of the last century, when the prevailing view of how man functioned was a physical one, attempts were made by German pathologists to find the cause in disordered brain function. In any event, however, lunatics were an almost separate species who bore no relation to their fellow men. On the other hand the vast mass of what we now call neurotics – that is people who suffer from inexplicable forms of anxiety; people who cannot stand closed spaces; people who feel depressed and fatigued; people who suffer from bizarre aches and pains, dizzy spells, inexplicable rages or urges to shop lift; people with unusual or abnormal sexual feelings, unhappy lonely people who cannot make friends – were either considered medically ill, malingerers who should pull themselves together, or, if what they did was immoral, then criminals who should be punished.

## Freud's Great Work

Freud was the first person by his brilliant discoveries to make some sense of it all. He did his first work on neurotics, and without going into his theoretical explanations concerning the cause of mental illness, he demonstrated that these queer symptoms or irresistible immoral impulses were the expression in consciousness of painful conflicts and memories that, originating in childhood, had long since been forcibly forgotten. But as mouldy cheese put in the back of a cupboard eventually makes its presence known by unpleasant smells, so these memories make themselves known in the form of neurosis and psychoses. Although his theories have been expanded, modified, elaborated, and even in some instances contradicted, nevertheless modern psychiatry still profoundly subscribes to the view that much, if not all, of a person's behaviour, thinking, and feeling is not so much the conscious willing of a man with a free will which he can direct as he pleases, but rather is determined by subtle and complex influences that have been built up during a person's life. And the most powerful and subtle of all these influences are unconscious because they originated in the early years of life before speech was developed. And, just because of this, these traumatic experiences of infancy can only be stored as emotional feelings without words to describe their content. Furthermore these emotional feelings can only be discharged in connection with later experiences that are similar in emotional content; for instance, we may react violently against a school teacher or our boss – we feel emotions of fear and apprehension in his presence, we rationalize these emotions by saying that this man is unkind, unjust, and has it in for me, all of which may be quite untrue because we are attaching to him the pent up feelings of fear that we felt in early infancy towards a father whom he resembles.

Thus, what I am *now* is determined by the relationship that developed between myself and my mother and the quality of that relationship. That is to say, was the love that she *said* she had for me demonstrated to me in those vital early years by the way in which she cuddled me, met my every need? At that age I needed

physical expression of love, not just words. And then again, what I am now is determined by the relationship that developed between myself and my father and, again, it is determined by the relationship that I have developed with teachers, brothers, sisters and it is determined by all the other infinite variety of experiences both with people, things, and places that have come my way, including the way I have come to know God or not to know Him. In other words I, or me, grew out of these subtle experiences.

To be able to perceive all of these things and interpret them without distortion my brain, a most complicated chemical and electrical apparatus, has to be in good order not only whilst these formative experiences are going on but now and always. And to complicate it even further, what I am now, at *this* moment, is dependent upon my brain continually receiving experiences both from the outside world through my senses and from the inside world of my body, through other nerve pathways. If a man is put in a black box in which all sensory impulses are excluded his personality begins to disintegrate – a technique known to the secret police. So then a psychiatrist knows that a man's thinking, feeling, and behaving may not only be determined by all these psychological experiences but also by the state of his brain. Briefly then I repeat, what I am at *this* moment is the result of what my brain has synthesised from the living experience of parents, home, school, etc., and whether I perceive these stimuli without distortion depends upon the healthy operation of the electrical and chemical processes of my brain. Thus we can see that modern psychiatry looks at a man very deeply and sees that a man's ability to live in harmony with his fellow men, to love his neighbor as himself, and to love God in a healthy way is very much dependent upon everything that has happened to him throughout his life and most especially to what has happened to him during the first three years of life.

## Imitating God's Acceptance

Thus a man who has temporal lobe epilepsy, which is an organic condition of the brain, may be subject to uncontrollable attacks of rage. A man who has had a remote and rigid father may not be able to accept the love of God in Christ. A woman whose sexual life is deeply distorted either by what she has learned about sex from her parents or because of a "cold" husband may be impelled to shoplift. Or, again, a man who has had no father or an inadequate and over-possessive mother, may become a homosexual; or, again, because a person has had no constant parental figure he may become a psychopath. In brief then, free will and responsibility become meaningless terms. In fact, responsibility is not something within a person; it is rather something attributed to him from without, whether by society or by God who says that this person must be held answerable for his acts even though he cannot help acting in the way he does. Thus, as a psychiatrist, I look at a young woman who is depressed, unhappy, and suicidal because she wants to love her children but cannot do so and, to her own misery and distress, is cruel to them; and I do not judge her or tell her to pull herself together or pray more, because this does not help, for her present behaviour feelings are determined by her unfortunate childhood experiences. No, I accept her without any implications of judgment; and in psychotherapy, that artificial situation in which a person for a fixed period of time is free to express herself without guilt, to express her real feelings of anger and hatred, without arousing moral indignation in the listener, healing comes. It comes through that relationship for this is a human imitation of God's acceptance of broken humanity in Christ and it produces healing and will enable her to be a better mother. The Christian psychiatrist, as therapy goes on, is able to show and explain to the patient the larger relationship, i.e. acceptance by God through Christ, because only that relationship gives full meaning to life.

Apart from this treatment designed to alter behaviour, feeling, and thinking by relationship therapy, the psychiatrist treats most of his cases by altering the functions of the brain through drugs, electrical convulsant therapy, etc.

## Free Will an Illusion?

I have now outlined briefly the basic premise of modern psychiatry, which is that the concept of free will is something of an illusion. Let us go to the New Testament. St. Paul writes in Romans, Chapter 7; "But then I am a creature of the flesh, in the thraldom of sin, – I cannot understand my own actions, I do not act as I want – on the contrary I do what I detest." Here in Scripture is all that we have been saying. St. Paul says he does not understand his actions because so much of his motivation is unconscious. Don't we all sometimes wonder why we do what we do? St. Paul knows his actions to be out of his control and I would emphasize that this is a regenerated Christian writing about himself. He now goes on: "When I act against my wishes that means I agree that the law is right – that being so it is not I doing the deed but sin that dwells within me." He is in fact saying he cannot help it – he is not responsible for his actions. His "new man" can almost watch his "old man" doing what it does not want. What does he mean by sin? He does not mean just breaking a set of rules. We have a far too trivial idea of sin. We tend to look upon sin as a series of wrong actions and so often what we think is sinful is the product of our own prejudice and culture and it is a fact that far too many Christians draw up a smug list of do's and don'ts which have nothing to do with the Biblical concepts of sin.

So often we find Christians being primly judging of such things as drinking, smoking, dancing, and generally taking a negative attitude to the spontaneous enjoyment of young people. St. Paul's view of sin is very much

deeper – it is really the fact that we can never claim that we do any *good* thing. He expects us to have such a view of ourselves that even when our human feelings tell us that we have done some good work, or when other people praise us, we can only say that we are unprofitable servants and that we should expect nothing of ourselves and that the only way that we can ever view ourselves is in the way that the Publican did who said, "God be merciful to me, a sinner." The opposite of the Pharisee who smugly said that he was not as other men are. Sin is a deep, wicked, fathomless corruption of the entire nature so that we are naturally inclined and disposed against God. St. Paul goes on: "For in me no good dwells – I know the wish is there but not the power of doing what is right. I cannot be good as I want to be and I do wrong against my wishes."

This is an accurate picture of ourselves and it is confirmed by the insight of psychoanalysis, for repeatedly we find that those who are busy doing good are often motivated by a selfish drive to have power or a selfish drive to control others. The righteous Moral Welfare worker who is so concerned about the plight of unmarried mothers may in fact be hiding a deep envy and jealousy of the motherhood of the very people she is trying to redeem. Her envy is communicated in an unconscious way to the people concerned. It is for this reason that so many testimonial meetings are unhealthy for, although people get up to say what Christ has done for them, they are often, in fact, saying, "Look, I am not as other men are"; and testimony centres on themselves and not upon Christ. If we are honest, our experience surely must lead us to feel that we are puppets in the hands of forces beyond our control. St. Paul says, I want to do what I like, and wrong is all I can manage. His regenerated self, his new man, wants to serve God for the love of Christ, but his old man, so much of it unconscious, does the opposite. The difference between the Christian and the non-Christian is that the Christian's attitude to sin is different-not that he does not sin; for St. John says that if we say we have no sin we deceive ourselves and the truth is not in us.

I would say, therefore, that modern psychiatric knowledge has merely underlined and described more accurately what St. Paul knew and wrote about. Yet the Church has constantly asserted in one form or other that man has free will to do good and to co-operate with God in his justification and sanctification. In the Roman Church man does penance, he says masses and rosaries, etc., and is supposed to work his way to heaven with the aid of God's grace. In much of contemporary Protestantism the same thing is in fact taught. We are told to accept Christ, to surrender to Him, to make an act of the will, to have a conversion experience; and then we are told to live a holy life and do this, that, or the other. The way that all this is taught can only induce a smug feeling of "I am not as other men are," that I have somehow deserved God's grace by what I have done or, alternatively, if I cannot do or experience these things then I am past redemption and a feeling of despair is induced.

## The Enablement of Grace

Dr. Packer in his magnificent introduction to his new translation of Martin Luther's "Bondage of the Will" – which all should read – has this to say: "Martin Luther, John Calvin, Zwingli, and all the leading Protestant theologians of the early years of the Reformation all agreed that man is helpless in sin and can only be justifed, that is brought back to the love of God, by faith, which is believing that Christ's death ultimately wipes out our debt for all our sins past, present, and future by God's Grace; but even more, that a man is so helpless that he cannot even accept this offer, for God is the Author, the Giver, and the Worker of this faith and, furthermore, the Author of its fruits, good works. In brief, God is the determining force which draws men to Himself." Packer goes on and says that Arminianism – the doctrine that cooperation with God is a free choice – is a return to Rome, and that much modern Protestantism would be disowned by the Reformers. Finally, he says that if we really accepted Luther's thesis of the "Bondage of the Will" it would involve a radically different approach to preaching, the practice of evangelism and pastoral theology. How right he is! For from our new knowledge of the mind we know how futile it is to tell people to pull themselves together, to do this, that, and the other. It only drives them to despair. They can only grow out of their neurosis or be helped to live with their psychoses by the loving acceptance of them as they are; and, without knowing it, sometimes they improve, and all this without any conscious effort on their part. This is exactly how Christ intends to work through people, using His means of grace, the Word and the Sacraments. Like St. Paul, a man is brought to know how helpless he is by the work of the Law, that part of Scripture which tells us what we should do and cannot do. Surely when we examine our conscience at the end of the day in the light of the Ten Commandments, the Sermon on the Mount, or the exhortatory passages of St. Paul, we can only say: "Wretched man that I am! Who will deliver me from this body of death?" But then St. Paul goes on: "Thanks be to God through Jesus Christ!" He does not claim complete deliverance from sin. He refers, rather, to the fact that though in this life we shall sin again and again, and that though in this life we shall suffer perhaps physically and psychologically as a result of the collective sin of mankind rather than because of our own particular sins, and that though in this life we shall be unprofitable servants, nevertheless we have victory because God has done what the Law, weakened by the flesh, could not do, i.e. He, Christ, is our righteousness, and we who are Christians have that righteousness. And by abiding in Christ through His Word and Sacraments, we do produce

the good works of faith. Modern psychiatric knowledge vividly portrays in its clinical facts and theories what Scripture has always said and what the Reformers found in Scripture but so much of which Christian theology has denied. Christ is another determining factor in a man's behaviour or not as the case may be. If Christians today really believed they were helpless they would not accuse psychiatry of being non-Christian nor would they find it so difficult to understand the long and arduous, non-moralising approach of psychotherapy.

## The Scriptural Testimony

In conclusion let me finish the way Scripture says we become and remain Christians and you will see it presupposes no act of the will but rather shows how God acts through his Holy Spirit, another deterministic force that impinges upon the "self," another influencing person impinging on the complex neurophysiological instrument – the brain. This Holy Spirit, through the means of Grace, that is, the Word and the Sacraments, works faith in Christ; and this faith is belief and knowledge in its strictest sense, not necessarily a consciously felt experience. We are all familiar with the common experience of looking at somebody and saying, "You remind me of your father in the way you speak or in your little mannerisms." We suddenly, as it were, catch a glimpse of the father present in the son or daughter and yet the son or daughter concerned may be quite unaware that in their manner, thinking, and feeling they reflect their parents. And so the Christian, quite unconsciously, may reflect Christ in his daily life without being aware of it.

Witnessing for Christ is so often conceived as a conscious effort on the part of the Christian and this is often why his witnessing is so ineffective. So Christ who incorporates Himself into our life by His Word and Sacraments, influences our behaviour.

St. Paul says in Ephesians 2, 8: "By Grace are ye saved through faith and that not of yourselves, lest any man boast."

This faith then is nothing to do with us. It is a gift of God and yet how often do preachers and personal workers get at people to "surrender" themselves, etc. They are in fact making faith a meritorious work both for themselves and for the one worked on and when a person claims to be converted everyone else feels pleased as though God existed for man's convenience rather than man for God's Glory. You have been born again through the living and abiding word (I Peter 1, 23). Faith comes by hearing and what is heard comes by the preaching of Christ (Romans 20, 17). Wherever Christ is preached accurately the Holy Spirit works faith. We do not come out and accept Him – He comes down and picks us up.

## CANDLES

Who sees world as candles cannot see.
Sonata is not a symbol now,
nor could it be:
Mozart in tiny tumbling notes
meant more than this,
world is, sonata is.

We walk in freedom every hour
a world is free;
we die when ones we chain are lost
in enmity.

No sacred years have come and gone,
no heavens favored wrong;
Earth never grew a favorite rose
nor chose official song.

JAMES BINNEY

# The Gift

By Lee Brian

THE TRAIN COACH in which Puterbaugh, fresh from his training station and newly commissioned a lieutenant, was traveling was an ancient affair that had been pressed into use by the needs of the last war and never removed from duty. The green mohair seats were high and uncomfortable, and a smell of cigarettes clung to the cushions.

Under ordinary circumstances Puterbaugh would have felt imposed upon, but he was in a good humor and nothing could disturb him today.

The train carried no diner, but he had eaten a hearty breakfast and a big lunch along the way. He had just napped when the train pulled into the station of a small southern town, and an old lady, wearing a gingham dress and a cotton bonnet, got on. She came down the aisle carrying a small oblong fruit basket. The coach was not crowded; in fact, there were several vacant seats ahead of Puterbaugh, but these she ignored.

"May I sit here?" she asked, giving him a brief glance as she pointed to the vacant seat on his right. He nodded and she gathered her basket in one hand and her gingham dress in the other and eased herself into the seat. "That is most obliging of you," she said. "I would not force myself on you, but to tell the truth I like sitting next to soldier boys."

He smiled indulgently. The southern accent brought back half-forgotten memories. Not his own, because his family had not lived in the south for two generations, but theirs — his family's. This was the voice of southern gentility about which in odd moments his parents spoke, not wholly dispassionately; he fortunately had no such memories.

Now he felt gallant and offered to put the old lady's belongings on the rack above the seat but she refused. "Now don't bother with me," she said and after a minute she tapped the basket. "That's lunch," she explained. She drew the basket closer to her on the floor and removed her bonnet. "I dearly love to travel," she said, "and I have made many abiding friendships on this train." And after a brief pause she commenced to tell him about her ten children, of whom three had been lost in early childhood, and about her passel of grandchildren and great-grandchildren.

"Now," she continued, "since we know each other, I'm going to offer you some lunch." She smiled mildly at him and lowered her voice. "It's homecooked, every bite of it, and I know you will find it a treat."

"Thanks," said Puterbaugh, "but I've just eaten."

She paid him no mind but proceeded to pick up the basket. She removed the checkered cloth; then, after some searching, held up a leg of chicken, at which she peered approvingly with her near-sighted eyes while she wiped her hands on the cloth.

He thanked her again but insisted that he wasn't hungry.

"Shucks," she said, "don't tell me you can't eat this delicious piece of fowl. Why, you soldier boys always like to munch on something."

He smiled indulgently. The *soldier boy* was delightful now that he was an officer. He knew he would insult her if he didn't accept her offer. Even though the chicken was stony cold and looked shrivelled with bits of hardened grease caught in the skin, he managed a bite, and then when she was busy with the basket again, he quickly dropped it on the floor and kicked it under his seat.

"Now wasn't that delicious," she exclaimed. "That's old-fashioned southern fried chicken for you!" She moved her head vigorously and ruminated a minute. "Once when I was selling my chicken at a bazaar there was a gentleman from the State of Maine . . . and he offered to put me in the restaurant business if I would fry chicken just like that. You could make a fortune, he told me. Those were his exact words."

She moved her head up and down vigorously and held out a wing, which Puterbaugh refused. She threw up her hands. "Whoever head of a soldier boy not eating at least two pieces of this delicious fried chicken!" But even as she spoke Puterbaugh could see her frowning.

"There's all kinds of soldiers who ride this train," she said. "Lillian Harriett — that's my next-to-oldest — she said to me, 'Mamma, you're getting old and your eyes ain't so keen as they used to be. You be mighty careful,' she said to me, 'you be careful about who you sit next to when you ride up to Macon'."

She stopped and swayed in her seat a minute. "For a fact, my eyes ain't what they used to be, but I can always tell a nice white soldier boy—"

And her friendly old smile dissuaded Puterbaugh from whatever vague notion of injury her words had first inspired. He was tired of picking up injuries. He took the wing she extended and as soon as she commenced probing again in her basket, he slid it down between the cushions of the two connecting seats.

"Now you must taste one of these biscuits," she said and insisted that he take one. He did and managed to dispose of it by raising the window a few inches and throwing it out.

She had just offered him a slice of apple pie when the porter came through the car calling out that Macon was the next stop. She had only a few minutes now. "It's yours," she announced, and finding a newspaper in her basket, she tucked a sheet under the pie and placed it on the sill over the sediment of soot and cigarette ashes. Now she put on her bonnet and gathered her basket.

He thanked her again, and for a moment, thinking how she had given her meager lunch to him, a stranger, he was touched.

"I appreciate your thanks," she said, hearing him out, "for I know how much you enjoyed my delicious lunch." The train was now in the station; she started to rise; then she fixed him with her bright stare and without pausing said, "It'll be a dollar."

He thought he had not heard her properly. "A dollar!" he repeated, not sure that he knew exactly what she was talking about.

She gave him no time to consider her proposal. "Sometimes the soldier boys like my lunch so well that they give me more. Why, just a few weeks ago it was a soldier boy from the state of Washington offered me two dollars. He was most appreciative."

She stood over him, and there was nothing he could do except reach for his billfold. She clutched the two dollars in her bony hands and then relaxed, and as she dropped the money into her purse, she smiled again, a nice, friendly old lady . . .

"Thank you, soldier boy," she said. "And God bless you." One foot in the aisle, she paused and turned. "I ride back on Friday," she said, "and, the Lord willing, maybe our paths will cross again." She peered nearsightedly at him, her voice all smiles. "I'm always thankful to sit next to a nice soldier boy—"

She busied herself with the basket, ignoring politely and with a frail thrust of her arm the ministrations of the porter, and, unaided, climbed down from the top step onto the platform of the station, where Puterbaugh could see her passing into the arms of her waiting kin.

It was the dark-skinned porter who aroused him from his thoughts. "She's a queer one," he said, hanging to the back of the mohair seat. "A real queer old lady, but I never thought I'd see her sitting here next to you—"

And he laughed heartily, his white teeth showing, as if it were a joke shared between friends or brothers, but Puterbaugh merely stared at him, silent, quietly despising himself for what he had given her and for his silence . . . then.

## ADAGIO SOSTENUTO

time is my bridge to other men
as time is a bridge from and to all things
life to death
darkness to light
but what a part of me this thing consciousness tells
is that this process time is as unreal
as pain-repressed
and almost dead to mind
mist-like delusional.
what another part of me this almost consciousness tells
is that you and i are delineated revelations
believing only
that we hunger sorrow cry
that though we suffer and die
we live anchored to beauty in the rock truth
of our expanding being
as we were as we are as we will be
bridging out an extending love to man.

HARLAND RISTAU

# Freud and the Theatre - III

By Walter Sorell
*Drama Editor*

FOR A PLAY TO be of more than entertainment value certain ingredients are needed which, in rare cases of genius, are unconsciously provided. But writing a play — more so than creating any other art form — is full of limitations, asks for strictest discipline, and demands an almost mathematically exact structure. The revolt against the principles of dramatic form has gone on through the centuries. It seems to this writer that the most tortured human beings, torn to pieces by their own inner conflicts, have always sought the drama as a medium to express themselves and some of them have been most successful in their revolt against its strict form. For, after all, form must yield to content in order to create an artistic entity.

From O'Neill to Genet we can see the desperate struggle with form and content of those who write under compulsion, who cannot help but recreate the tragedy of their souls. John Gassner succinctly summed up O'Neill when he wrote: "O'Neill is one of the few Faustians of modern literature — others are Dostoevski, Strindberg, and Kafka — for whom damnation is a psychological reality rather than a convenient religious fiction." His was a continuous fight for his characters to remain themselves, to avoid what Mary Tyrone expresses in "Long Day's Journey into Night" when she complains that "everything comes between you and what you'd like to be, and you've lost your true self forever." The repetitive, insistent, massive manner of writing, regardless of length and polished finesse, shows the need of relieving his soul. There was a man trying to reach out for God, for man and nature, for his father and family. He suffered from the tragedy of alienation, the realization of which must have come to him as a traumatic experience in his youth.

Jean Genet never seems to turn to his audience with what he has to say; he turns against it. His self-hatred resolved in spite and hatred of the world appears to be endless. From his own center of utter defeat and futility he proceeds to break down the innumerable facades behind which our society feels safe as if behind protecting walls. Like Brecht he denies us the "bourgeois" pleasure of walking out of a play amusedly. This becomes obvious in his major works, "The Balcony" and "The Blacks." Sartre once explained Genet's method by saying that "every character must play the role of a character who plays a role." Thus, he reduces any distance across the footlights and makes us part of a part in which we cannot help but realize that we play a part. When Sartre came to the conclusion in his "No Exit" that hell is other people, Genet proves to us that this is so because we carry hell with and within us. Good is only an illusion, and therefore evil only seemingly exists, forced upon us by a world which lives on illusion.

It is undoubtedly true that neuroses are part of the price we have to pay for our civilization. And it is just as true that Tennessee Williams' theatre is the most neurotic manifestation of our time in terms of the drama. As a human being he may have needed the analysis through which he went; as a dramatic poet he substituted the theatre for the couch and peopled it with a nightmarish world in which the flowering of beautiful souls is intercepted by the cold grip of reality.

He creates hopelessly defeated characters who, in their sublime moments of final failure, still cling to their social pretensions. He can only paint with symbols and symbolism, and we must not forget that symbols play a major part in psychoanalysis. He loves to create the symbol of dying beauty. And is not the fragrance sweetest in a fading flower? In all his plays we find the symbol of the eternal dreamer, of the dreamer as as artist in a commonplace and sorry world. Williams' weakness for the extreme, or violence, makes him bring his characters to the point of hysteria, his plots to sensationalism. More often than not, it borders the clinical case.

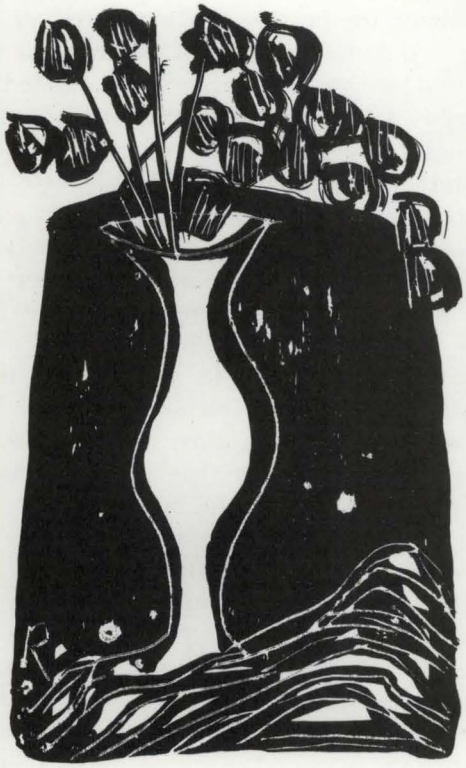
If one of the major concerns of psychoanalysis is to help achieve a state in which man can adjust to reality, face and understand himself, then Williams' characters are prime examples of their vain struggle toward those ends. Whether their names be Laura, Blanche, Alma, or Val, their hungry souls, trembling in fear of reality (which finally always crushes them), cry out for help; their hands grasp a piece of straw to hold on to while drowning. Tennessee Williams is merciless as the poet of desire, frustration, and defeat.

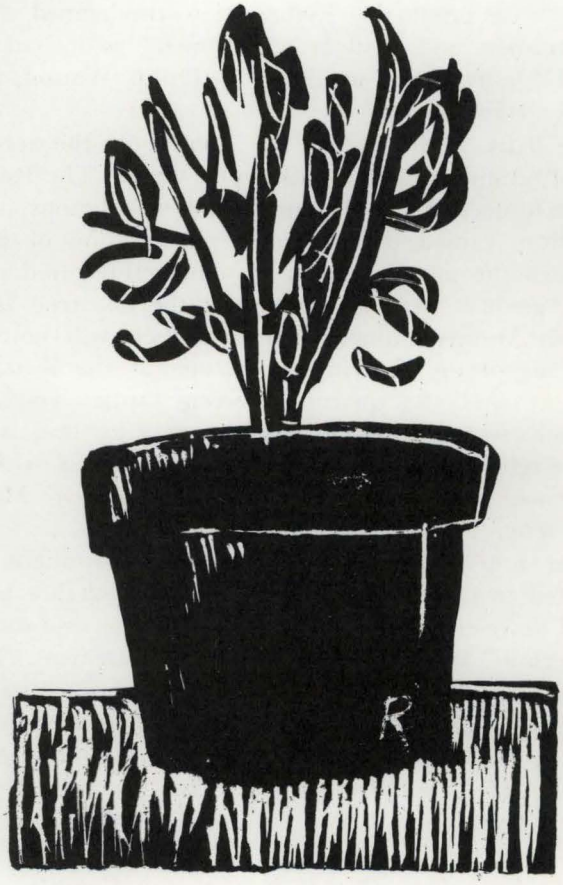
The basic trouble with Broadway is that — to use the psychoanalytic jargon — it has fixations from which it cannot free itself. It acts under compulsion, and for quite some time now its compulsion has been the biographical story. Broadway skillfully overcompensates the dullness of its scripts by staging them impeccably. Thus, people (the audience in a constant state of transference with their favorite critics) are dazzled by the productions and adjective them with superlatives.

"A Far Country" by Henry Denker is another dull play. At best, it is a documentary in which the playwright, trying to pay homage to Freud's genius, kept his own (if he has any) out of the script. It is a flat

facsimile of Freud's books, letters, and life story. All psychoanalysts I spoke to approved of it. This shows that it is a good documentary true to the facts. By the same token, it can only be a poor play as to its imaginative conception. It simply fails to give a well known story and an even better known figure depth and perspective.

Ours is a strange theatre, unreal despite its reliance on the documentation of facts, untheatrical because of its utter dependence on the material it borrows from novels, history, and lately so much from biographies. Whenever I try to argue that our plays lack intellectual intensity, forcefulness of characterization, vision that reaches beyond the limited horizon of mere reality because of the playwright's use of factual material I am often given to understand that, after all, Shakespeare always used material that was conveniently at his disposal. True, but what made Shakespeare great is not the material he found. On the contrary, how he changed it, what he added to it. The dictates of his poetic vision led him beyond facts, history, and story into the realm of a new reality solely dominated by his psychological insight and the flight of imagination.





Drawings By
robert charles brown

## *From the Chapel*

# The Word of the Reformation

By The Reverend Walter R. Bouman
*Pastor, Saint Matthew Lutheran Church*
*Albany, New York*

*For what we preach is not ourselves, but Jesus Christ as Lord, with ourselves as your servants for Jesus's sake.*
II Corinthians 4:5

REDUCED TO ESSENTIALS there is no sin except the preaching of ourselves. This is the crux of the Reformation – no matter who is telling the story. Whenever this sensitive nerve in the history of the Western Church is touched the charge and countercharge take this form: "You preached the self and not Jesus Christ as Lord."

The heirs of the Reformation point to this preaching of self as the reason for needed reform. It was not just that the bishop of Rome had proclaimed himself "Vicar of Christ"; not just that the hierarchical institution had manipulated the means of grace for its own ends; but the whole way of salvation had become man-centered, with its emphasis on human penance, the merits of the saints, and the human deeds by which men sought to gain God's favor and forgiveness apart from Jesus Christ. In brief, the Reformation condemned "the righteousness and wisdom of all men" as it had replaced "Jesus Christ as Lord." (Philip Watson, *Let God be God)*

The heirs of the Council of Trent hurl the accusation of self-proclamation with equal vigor. The Reformation unlocked the Pandora's box of religious individualism; caused the disastrous proliferation of sects in which the peculiar views of some self-inspired religious "genius" were set up against the one true faith of Holy Mother Church. "God Himself will not deprive me of my doctrine," said one of the Zwickau prophets, and the quarrel between Luther and the sectarians was nothing more than rivalry for leadership of the rebellion. Here was preaching of self with a vengeance. (Msgr. Ronald Knox, *Enthusiasm;* Maximin Piette, *The Evolution of Protestantism*)

After four hundred years the historians might be prepared to call it a draw. We in the churches have settled down to the trench warfare of sniping and sortie, "conversion" and denominational aggrandizement. The religious market-place resounds to the shrill cries of competing sectarian claims. We still assert that Jesus Christ is Lord, and having thrown our pinch of incense on the Altar of God we return to the practice of self-perpetuation.

Now we are the victims of our own success. The struggle for reform, begun in the 16th Cenutry, was not meant to take on institutional form. But the Reformation did result in an institution – in many institutions. It is all but inevitable that an institution be concerned with self-perpetuation. The Reformation, which was directed toward the healing and renewal of the Church, which sought to restore to the Church its proclamation of "Jesus Christ as Lord," this Reformation has made the healing of the Church all the more necessary. And the healing task becomes the more difficult as the forms of institutional life succeed. As our parish grows larger, as the organizations multiply, as the pastor finds himself becoming promotion agent for denominational programs and resident director for parish activities, the more the Church disappears and the institution takes over. As denominations grow larger we have less need for one another, less desire to heal the wounds which were opened in the 16th Century, less openness to Jesus Christ as Lord. Our very success has made it possible for us to sail on in isolated self-delusion and self-proclamation.

Thus we build our buildings in order to "attract" people – only to discover that we must now attract people in order to pay for the buildings. We staff our offices in order to help the Church – only to find that we must now appeal to the Church in order to help staff our offices. We establish institutional forms in order to proclaim the Gospel – only to learn that we have mortgaged the Gospel to the tastes of our "prospects." This vicious circle has not only robbed the churches of genuine will for unity, but it has made the Church irrelevant to the world. We are no longer "servants for Jesus' sake," but hucksters, complete with all the advertising techniques of Madison Avenue, selling another institution and its product in a sated market. By a curious twist we expect Jesus Christ, the Lord, to identify Himself with *our* cause, *our* institution. In our zeal we have so polished "the earthen vessel" that the "transcendent power" belongs to us and not to God. The prayer of our Litany ought to warn us: "In all time of our prosperity . . . Help us, good Lord."

The answer of the Reformation for our times does not lie in continued successful denominationalism. When we have lost our diaconate in the quest for self-perpetuation, when we have misplaced our mission in the quest for worldly success, when we have become the sycophants rather than the servants of the world, when we are caught up in the hollow programs of self-proclamation, then the words of Pslam 106 strike home.

They soon forgot His works; they waited not for
counsel;

but lusted exceedingly in the wilderness, and tempted God in the desert.

And He gave them their request; but sent leanness into their soul.

The Word which the Reformation should speak to us is the authentic voice of the Gospel. But this would mean the death of the institution, the death of the denomination, the resurrection of the Church. We who want to be the heirs of Martin Luther should be the first to recognize this. For Luther himself admonishes his would-be followers:

> Who is Luther? The teaching is not mine; I have not been crucified for anyone. . . . How did it happen to this poor stinking bag of worms that the Children of Christ should be called according to my hopeless name? This cannot be, my friends. Let us destroy party names and call ourselves Christians, after Him whose doctrine we have. . . . I am and will be lord over no one. With the *one* Church I hold in common the *one* teaching of Christ, Who alone is Our Lord. (St. Louis, X, 270)

"Who alone is Our Lord." The Church can be reborn by the creative Word, by "Jesus Christ as Lord." "For it is the God who said, ' Let light shine out of darkness,' Who has shone in our hearts to give the light of the knowledge of the Glory of God in the face of Christ." His Glory is a poor glory by our standards; but it is the Glory of God — the helplessness of One nailed to the cross, the weakness of One Who overcame death by being its victim, the suffering of One on Whom God laid the iniquity of us all. He is Lord in that His weakness, suffering, death become the instrument for our redemption. He is Lord in that He rescues us from the dead-end of all our self assertion. He is Lord in that He is suffering Servant, and He invites us to share that suffering and that service.

His Lordship does not depend on our recognition of Him as Lord. But we will not be the Church unless He *is* our Lord, unless we recognize Him as such in faith, unless we proclaim Him as Lord. If Jesus Christ is Lord then this means the abandondment of self — and of all institutional extensions of the self. If Jesus Christ is Lord then those who are His will die to self and live to God. "We are always being given up to death," wrote St. Paul, but when this happens, then the life of Jesus is manifest in us. This is not psychological development, not the negative role in a synthesis, not the road of compromise. "The path which leads from [death] is called resurrection." (Regin Prenter, *Spiritus Creator)* If Martin Luther's experience was authentic — and St. Paul's, too, for that matter — then this is our hope: That the personal and institutional self die and that we be given the life of God. The churches need nothing so much as to be ministered to again by the dying and living Lord — and then to be given into extravagant service to a doomed world.

It requires faith in Jesus Christ as Lord to be the Church. It requires bold faith in Jesus Christ as Lord to give up our selves. But "it is in dying that we are born to eternal life." And the words of St. Francis are as true for denominations as for individuals. "For what we preach is not ourselves, but Jesus Christ as Lord, with ourselves as your servants for Jesus' sake."

# On Second Thought

BY ROBERT J. HOYER

I WALK AMONG the girls and boys going to class on the university campus, and they are beautiful. With the empty beauty of well-shaped matter; all potentiality and no form. The form is provided in the agony of life, in which the spirit that looks through the eyes and speaks through the mouth is cooled and hardened and tempered.

And I define the transition from youth to adult not in years or status or experience, but in the words of a response to life. The youth will say I am in agony. The adult will say that life is agony. Only in that realization can adult joy be formed. From within that realization the flame of faith and hope and love can burn unflickering, untouched by the winds of adversity and rejection and evil. There is no hope in him whose heart is unprotected, and without a shield his love lies close to hate.

What ways there are to run from this adult understanding, men have found and used. There is the way of thrill, "hang sorrow, this is fun!" There is the way of work, "we must progress, we must excel; for in us lies human hope!" There is the stoic way, there is the way of a veneer of culture to hide behind. There is even the way of Law, as though agony could be legislated out of existence with sin.

There is one true relief, and it requires the acceptance of agony. That way is hope in Christ. He knows that life is agony. He knows. And He has accepted life's agony in love for God. He has made hatred, vanity and failure all His own, that He might glorify His God. The cross of Christ is the picture of life, the only Way to life's true joy. And here is the pattern: Take up your cross, and follow Him!

# Haunting Melodies

By WALTER A. HANSEN

ORDINARILY IT IS exasperating to be stalked by anybody or anything, but great works of art give endless pleasure when they camp persistently on one's trail.

Four wonderful outpourings have been haunting me during the past few days. They are Johann Sebastian Bach's *Passacaglia and Fugue in C Minor,* Ludwig van Beethoven's *Eroica Symphony,* Max Reger's *Variations and Fugue on a Theme by Mozart,* and the matchless *Alleluia* in Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart's motet titled *Exultate, Jubilate.*

Bach's *Passacaglia and Fugue in C Minor* is a marvel in the matter of structure. Its melodic basis is simple in the extreme, yet this very simplicity is filled with elemental and irresistible power. The theme is easily remembered, and those who listen attentively to what it inspired Bach to achieve when he wrote his *Passacaglia and Fugue in C Minor* invariably take delight in stalking it so to speak, as it wends its sure way through the mighty composition – even when part of it serves as the foundation for a gigantic double fugue.

I like to hear able organists play this magnificent work, but I itch to take to my heels when fakers have the gall to manhandle it. Some masters of the art of instrumentation have transcribed this composition for the modern symphony orchestra. Since I cannot see eye to eye with those who ascend to dizzy heights of pontifical smugness and frown on all transcriptions of Bach's music, I thrill with joy and edification whenever I am fortunate enough to hear exemplary performances of well-made orchestral versions of the *Passacaglia and Fugue in C Minor.*

Beethoven's *Eroica* is another miracle in the far-flung domain of music. Its melodic content is overpoweringly beautiful. Besides, this symphony is a wonderful structure designed by a great architect – an architect endowed with vision, courage, and independence. The *Eroica Symphony* is one of the compositions which convince me that as a melodist Beethoven had a larger measurer of originality and, shall I say, fecundity than Bach. But this is my own conviction. I am not attempting to detract one iota from Bach's greatness. How could anyone do such a thing? Years ago I memorized the score of Beethoven's *Eroica,* and I continue to cherish this work as a priceless treasure.

Max Reger spent only forty-three years on this earth. He was a Roman Catholic. But he was a Roman Catholic who set great store by the Lutheran chorale. Brethren of the cloth chided him on more than one occasion for his wholehearted devotion to music used in the church named for Martin Luther. But Reger, a huge Bavarian peasant with an inordinate fondness for food and drink, brushed the complaints of the clergy aside and continued to devote loving attention to the chorale as it had developed among Lutherans. He had an extraordinarily active and vigorous mind. It has often been said that he thought in terms of fugues. Like Paul Hindemith in our time, he must be numbered among the most skillful contrapuntists since the days of Bach. In addition, he had a remarkable flair for boldness and color in the field of harmony. Although many scholars represent him as a composer who belonged to what is commonly called the school of Johannes Brahms, he undoubtedly learned much from a mighty prophet named Richard Wagner.

The *Variations and Fugue on a Theme by Mozart* dates from 1914, two years before Reger's death. You will find the theme at the very beginning of Mozart's *Piano Sonata in A Major.* Here, too, it is the stepping-stone, as it were, to a series of deftly constructed variations. Naturally, Reger could not out-Mozart Mozart. Nor did he attempt to do so. But he did construct variations which reveal dumbfounding ingenuity in structure and in contrapuntal treatment. Furthermore, the work gives ample evidence of Reger's extraordinary resourcefulness as a harmonist. Everything is clear and precise. Reger works miracles in this score. By 1914 his command of instrumentation had become particularly striking because of his association with the famous Meiningen orchestra, over which the exacting Hans von Buelow had formerly presided.

The abiding beauty of Mozart's *Alleluia* defies adequate description. This little masterpiece is full of ecstatic jubilation. As a rule, coloratura never transcends the bounds of showiness. In Mozart, however, it goes far beyond mere display. This great master could not descend to anything cheap or shoddy. Although I could write much about the wonders contained in the *Alleluia,* I must be content to point out one salient characteristic which frequently escapes the notice of commentators. When you listen to this remarkable outpouring of exultation, note how Mozart, the master craftsman, makes the accent dance, so to speak, from syllable to syllable. To me this is one of the many miracles the fabulously gifted composer performed in the wonderful music he bequeathed to us.

# BOOKS OF THE MONTH

## RELIGION

### HOW THE WORLD BEGAN

By Helmut Thielicke (Muhlenberg, $4.50)

Professor Thielicke, a member of this magazine's staff of contributors and the first Protestant theologian ever to hold the office of Rector of the University of Hamburg, is one of the great preachers of the modern world. He preaches regularly to one of the largest congregations in the world, a congregation made up of a cross-section of a great port city, and the people hear him gladly. In this, the third volume of his sermons to be translated into English, it will be evident why people throng to him. He has much to say to modern man.

This book will be a disappointment to anyone who comes to it in the wistful hope of finding some facile reconciliation of fundamentalist cosmogony with evolutionary theory. Professor Thielicke, although possessed of all the credentials of the scholar, is content to leave academic questions to the academicians. As a preacher, he is interested in speaking the Word of God to the needs and questions of his people, and as a Lutheran preacher he divides all of the Scriptures, including the first chapters of Genesis, into Law and Gospel. These chapters are thus rescued from the arena of academic controversy to which both the Darwinian and the fundamentalist are all too inclined to assign them and are restored to their proper place as a part of those Scriptures which were written "for our learning." Our learning about what? About our estrangement from God under the Law and our reconciliation to Him in the cross of Jesus Christ.

Thielicke himself asserts that "this book is concerned with only one question: What does it mean to believe?" This theme is carried throughout the book as faith is constantly set in opposition to unfaith. Thus, in tackling the question of man's place in the physical universe, Thielicke proposes an answer that is likely to be equally offensive to the mechanistic evolutionist and the fundamentalist literalist:

> " . . . I have no objections, even as a Christian, to your deriving man from previous animal forms and declaring that the monkey is his grandfather and the tadpole his great-great-grandfather. Why should I? This is something for science to inquire into.
>
> "But I have objections to something-else. I object to your saying that therefore the nature of man, that your nature and my nature is like that of the tadpole. No, if you are going to define the mystery of man, if you are going to define what God has in mind for man and what he breathes into him, then you *cannot* say: 'He is only a little more than a tadpole.' *Then* you must say: 'He is a little less than God.' In other words, you cannot define man on the basis of his biological origin; you must define him in the light of his destiny, his goal.
>
> "Actually, you must enter upon another level. The mystery of man can be understood only if you put him into relation to Him who gives him his life, calls him by his name, sacrifices His most beloved for him on Calvary, and never rests until He has drubbed him out of his alienation, his madness, his fear, and his guilt and has brought him back home to His peace."

The fundamental Lutheran distinction between Law and Gospel comes out sharply in every one of these sermons. Thus, in his exposition of the first two verses of the first chapter of Genesis, Thielicke points to the two messages which the text conveys:

> The first is very hard and so trenchantly earnest that it makes us flinch. For *if* God made the world from nothing, then this means that I came forth from his hands. And therefore some day he will demand me back again just as I was when I left his hands. He has lent me to myself, as it were, entrusted gifts and talents to me, and one day he will require them back. He will say to me: "Now I shall see what you have done with yourself." Then I shall have to give myself back, just as I must return a car I have borrowed. And the owner will see then whether I have treated it and cared for it properly. If a piston grinds or there is a dent in the body, he will count me responsible for it . . .
>
> But this is not the only thing that is said here. For the God who confronts us here in this hard, unbending rigor is at the same time the Father of Jesus Christ. He is the Father whose picture the Man of Nazareth painted when he said in his parable that the father embraced the lost son, kissed him, and pressed him to his heart. Everything Jesus said and did and suffered is nothing else but a chain of pointers that keep saying this one thing over and over again: "The Father is seeking you. He never gives you up, and even when he is obliged to refine you in the fires of tribulation, the greatest pains are still his visitations, his efforts to bring you back home."

Insights abound in these sermons — insights of the sort that make one say, "Yes, of course, this is what this verse is really trying to say. Why didn't I see it before?" A good example is Thielicke's comment on Genesis 2:1-3 where God is portrayed as having rested from his work:

> This, then, it seems to me is the message that comes out of the sabbath rest of the Creator. The goal of creation is not the incessant activity of prolific life and the unceasing drama of history. "Subdue the earth" does *not* mean: "Create a rich, productive culture, create social perfection, transform unruly nature with your technology into the dwelling of civilization, conquer the assults of nature, drive out the cold of winter, illuminate the nights, crisscross the oceans, reach for the stars!"
>
> "Subdue the earth" means this instead: "When you put your stamp upon creation, see to it that your human life and your culture do not become a sign of your eternal restlessness and your blind titanism, but rather a thanksgiving and a response to him who gave you this earth. See to it that everything you do does not miss this *theme,* but that it retains its parts in him who created all these things, and that the reflection of his peace and repose falls upon it. Otherwise your gift of dominion over the earth will trickle away in your hands. You will become the harried slave of your own works. Your unrest and your greed will consume you until, instead of subduing the earth, you make a hell of it, until, instead of turning to heaven, you build a tower against heaven — until, indeed, you provoke the Flood and in the end your earth is blown to pieces."

Or this answer to the question of what the Scriptures mean when they describe Noah as "a righteous man, blameless in his generation":

> Even as a child it made a deep impression upon me that Noah not only heard the general, blanket command, "Build an ark!" but also that he acted "according to directions" in every detail of materials, measurements, and caulking, that he was completely open to guidance.
>
> So Noah included in his fellowship with God even the little things of his life, the everyday details. Noah did not pray only for the great things in

his life — that God would preserve him and his family in the coming catastrophe — but rather talked with God about the planks with which he built the ark, the partitions of the rooms, and the pitch with which he made this monster of a ship watertight. And surely, later on when he and his motley clan sailed upon the vast surface of the Flood, he talked with his God, not only about the whole store of provisions, but also the rations of fodder and food which he neded for all his hungry mouths each day. No topic is too small, too banal, to be brought to God.

And so it is with us too. It is only as we share with God the little things, not only when we talk with God about the great theme of world peace or the future of our children, but about the toothaches that torment us, the letter we have to write, the anticipation of a sports festival, the flowers in a vase — only then do we have God constantly in our minds and hearts. For, after all, our life consists of a sum of a little things.

At this point, the urge to quote *in extenso* — which is the written equivalent of reading aloud — runs up against the moral and legal implications of Muhlenberg Press's copyright. It should be evident enough that this reviewer is very much taken by this book. What it does is appropriate to our use the harrowing experiences through which a preacher and his people learned to look for depths in the Scriptures which our experience has not yet driven us to seek. One reason why we can still approach the first chapters of Genesis as matters of academic debate is that we have not seen our cities detsroyed by fire bombs, our relatives and friends buried under mounds of rubble, our government toppled, the whole fabric of our lives torn apart. Thielicke preaches to people who have already had a foretaste of the *dies irae* and whose questions are, therefore, more radical, more personal than our questions about the meaning of *yom* and the probable geographical extent of the Noachian Deluge.

The day will probably come when we, too, will have learned, through suffering, to ask the right questions. And when that day comes, we may trust God to supply us with preachers who will draw the right answers from His Word. Meanwhile, we can, if we will, receive the testimony of our German brethren who have already passed through the deep waters and who have learned that the purpose of Genesis, as of any other part of the Scriptures, is to answer the one question which man can not work out for himself: "What must I do to be saved?"

A special word of thanks is in order for the excellent translation, the work of Professor John W. Doberstein of the United Lutheran seminary in Mt. Airy, Pennsylvania.

### TOWARD TOMORROW

By Martin H. Scharlemann (Concordia, $1.50)

The eleven essays in this book constitute a kind of *apologia pro theologia sua* on the part of a scholar and preacher who has served his church far better than many in it were willing to be served. Dr. Scharlemann in his preface says that the task of the theologian "involves nothing less than wrestling with the whole of life in the light of God's revelation. It means going to Jabbok again and again to encounter the Angel of the Lord." One must admire the restraint that prevented him from adding that in between such encounters there are often other encounters no less painful and much less fruitful.

These essays are grouped under four headings: Welfare, Human Relations, Theological Essays and (naturally) Miscellaneous. It would perhaps be profitable for the reader who is unacquainted with Dr. Scharlemann's thinking to begin with the theological essay entitled "A Theology for Biblical Interpretation" (pp. 84-90). This address was read before the New Testament section of the Society for Biblical Literature and Exegesis where, if Dr. Scharlemann had wished to introduce any un-Lutheran novelties into Biblical interpretation, he might have done so with maximum safety. What he did, instead, was present a carefully worked out argument for a theology of Biblical interpretation based upon a distinction between *gramma* ("shadow," "vanity," "type," and "law") and *pneuma* ("light," "truth," "fulfillment," "Gospel"). If this distinction sounds faintly familiar, it may be because these were the categories in which Martin Luther and C.F.W. Walther thought. (Professor Walther was the first president of the seminary at which Dr. Scharlemann now teaches. Professor Luther was, for many years, on the faculty of the University of Wittenberg. Both were highly regarded in their days by brethren in the clergy who considered it no discredit to their office to receive instruction from those whom God had given a special measure of competence in theology.)

This distinction underlies all that Dr. Scharlemann has to say in his other essays, at least four of which — the essays on welfare and human relations — make a substantial contribution to the church's thinking in areas where the church is greatly tempted to proceed from humanistic principles rather than from its own theological presuppositions. Both of these areas have long been major concerns of Dr. Scharlemann, and to both of them he has made important contributions.

The "Miscellaneous" section includes four essays: "Christian Love and Public Policy," "The Biblical View of Sex," "Creative Scholarship in Our Profession," and "The Service of the Mind." The first two, especially, speak directly to concerns which are too often dealt with on sub-theological levels, especially among laymen. It is a happy thing, therefore, that Dr. Scharlemann discusses them in language which does not presuppose any professional theological background.

### WHAT YOUTH ARE THINKING

By W. Gordon Smedsrud (Augsburg, 50 cents, $5.50 per dozen)

Eighty pages can hardly cover the whole range of what youth are thinking, but it can cover enough to cause adults to reexamine their ideas about what is going on beneath the still unfurrowed brows of their youngsters. Compiled by an inter-Lutheran service agency representing the groups adhering to the National Lutheran Council, this report should cause pastors, parents, teachers, and youth workers to take another and closer look at the assumptions, concerns, and beliefs of the church's youth.

One of the disturbing conclusions which the report draws is that the youth organizations of the church too often fail to give their members what they are really looking for — perhaps still less what they should be looking for. Apparently there is a genuine — and usually frustrated — longing in young people to come to grips with personal problems. Their opportunity to do so in the typical youth organization setting seems to be minimal; at any rate the young people seem to think so.

Particularly disturbing to members of a church which makes a clear distinction between Law and Gospel the basis of its theology is the overwhelming evidence in this report that most young Lutherans have no clear understanding of the nature and function of the Law (they see it as a kind of statement of ideals by which men can learn to live the virtuous life) and derive little joy or certainty from the Gospel. Like their unchurched contemporaries, they tend to define the purpose of life in terms of being liked or getting along with people, and they define sin in terms of anti-social behavior or falling short of ideals, rather than in the more radical sense of hostility toward God. One gathers that young people are more worried about parental rejection than about Divine rejection, more aware of their unworthiness to pray than of the Divine invitation to pray, more concerned with using religion as a gimmick to get by in this life than with faith as an

everlasting relationship with the Father.

Perhaps the greatest tragedy of it all is that the individual young person, finding no real opportunity to share his fears and anxieties and guilt feelings with fellow-Christians, is constantly tempted to suppose that his own besetting sins and temptations are peculiar to himself and thus, by extension, more unforgivable than those of other people. And so he may feel betrayed when his elders want to give him nicely predigested programs on family life and how to choose the right mate when what he really wants to do is find relief from the problems of the here and now.

The report is based upon a sampling of four per cent of the young people in five thousand Lutheran churches across the land. The dismaying conclusion to which this reviewer comes after reading it is that there seems to be no significant difference between what Lutheran youth are thinking, believing, and doing and what any other representative sample of American young people thinks, believes, and does.

## GENERAL

### THE GREAT BRINK'S HOLDUP

By Sid Feder and Joseph F. Dinnen (Doubleday, $3.95)

Within seventeen minutes on Tuesday evening, January 17, 1950, seven men robbed Brink's Incorporated in Boston of 2½ million dollars, including $1,219,000 in bills and coins. This volume is a fascinating, detailed, factual account of what took place not only during this unbelievable robbery, but also in the prior two years of careful preparation and the nearly seven years that followed, resulting in the conviction and sentencing of the eleven criminals involved in this famous Brink's case.

The first fourteen chapters of this book were written by Sid Feder, a widely known AP staff writer and an author of several books including the best seller *Murder, Inc.*, who died in February, 1960. The final three chapters were completed by Joseph F. Dinnen, a reporter and columnist on the Boston *Globe* and author of *Anatomy of a Crime* and *Underworld, U.S.A.*

These reporters entered the Brink's case moments after it happened and during the next decade examined records from various sources and interviewed hundreds of people in order to tell the incredible story of *The Great Brink's Holdup.*

According to Feder, this sensational robbery had its beginning in the summer and early fall of 1947, when some gangsters carefully planned and successfully executed a number of payroll holdups in the Boston area. These offenses were so thoroughly and smoothly accomplished that Joseph F. McGinnis, who assembled this criminal gang, "aspired to pull the biggest, richest robbery of all times — and get away with it." The Brink's bank was in this category and selected as the target.

During the next two years a mob of eleven criminal specialists was molded, including experts on burglar alarms, locks, transportation, surveillance, organization, modus operandi, etc. Their patient, systematic plotting included the stealing and disposal of the truck, guns, rope, clothing, etc., to avoid using any traceable evidence.

Brink's headquarters lacked adequate security, and frequently these gang members entered the building unmolested. Specs O'Keefe, who plotted and planned this holdup, was in the Brink's office more than thirty times and was familiar with every room and the movements of the employees. Teamwork, rehearsal, practise, and full-dress tryouts perfected the technique for this "jackpot." The actual robbery was effected with precision, and then each mobster hurried to his assigned place, anticipating an equal share of the loot.

The author then proceeds to narrate the details concerning the handling of the money, the subsequent exciting activities of these eleven hoodlums, and other events, including murders, which happened in the aftermath of this robbery. As the account unfolds, McGinnis, the mastermind, reveals his arrongance and greed, shortchanging some of his partners of the hoard, arranging to foul them up with the law but not expecting them to turn "stool pigeon." Specs O'Keefe, attempting to get his equal share of the booty, was the target of mobster bullets three times. Wanted by the law in Pennsylvania for another offense, he decided to give himself up to stay alive. Five days before the statute of limitations expired O'Keefe provided the authorities with names and complete information to solve the Brink's case.

In the meantime, during the six long years between the execution and solution, the district attorney's office and the law-enforcement agencies — federal, state, and local, as well as private investigators — followed through every lead. Several participants in the Brink's holdup were prime suspects and were frequently interrogated by investigators, but unfortunately the evidence to tie them to this robbery was lacking. The break came when O'Keefe informed and agreed to testify against his fellow gangsters at the trial.

The court proceedings began on August 6, 1956, ending October 6, 1956, when the jury returned a verdict of "Guilty as Charged." Three days later, the judge sentenced these defendants to life imprisonment in the Massachusetts State Penitentiary.

The authors reveal that of the eleven gangsters involved in the Brink's case, eight are still serving life terms, two have died in prison, and since June, 1960, Specs O'Keefe has been a free man, when a Massachusetts Court released him after he had been confined for four years in an East Cambridge jail.

Brink's determined that $1,219,000 was taken in bills and coins. It is estimated that an additional $750,000 was stolen from the bags containing pay envelopes which were never accurately computed. No one will ever determine the cost of apprehending, convicting, and keeping these mobsters in confinement. On the other hand, less than $100,000 has been recovered.

This well-written book is quite enjoyable and recommended reading for the general public. The average citizen will gain a better understanding of the personal characteristics, abilities and activities of career crooks. To combat professional crime successfully, this volume demonstrates the need for well-trained law enforcement officers, efficient prosecuting attorneys, and competent judges on all levels of government.

ANTHONY S. KUHARICH

### THE FUTURE OF OUR CITIES

By Robert A. Futterman (Doubleday, $4.95)

Robert A. Futterman is head of the Futterman Corporation, a real estate organization which owns urban properties in most of the cities which are discussed in this book. Five years ago, Futterman was collecting tenement rents at a salary of $75 a week. His phenomenal success as a real estate operator would indicate, therefore, that he knew something about the environment in which he has been operating.

The basic questions that Futterman asks about any city where he is tempted to invest are historical and geographical: Why is the city where it is? How has it developed? What is its function? What is the attitude of its citizens toward the city itself and toward its prospects for the future?

This is a refreshing treatment of a subject which has often been approached from a purely academic point of view. Futterman believes in cities — in our need of them and in their value to our society. He sees what so many of us are still determined not to see, that small-town and rural America are, and always have been, largely mythological, and that our national life has been lived chiefly in and around our big cities. What happens to these cities is, therefore, what happens to America.

Unlike many writers on this subject, Futterman is neither an unrelieved pessimist who sees our cities slowly moldering away nor a wide-eyed optimist who foresees urban Utopias rising phoenix-like out of the ruins of our urban slums. He sees the city as an organism that can become healthier or sicker, depending largely on its own will to live and on its willingness to practice those tried and proved rules of

urban health which, like most rules of health, are generally known and little practiced.

This reviewer was struck especially by Futterman's emphasis upon two city-saving devices which seem to arouse strongly emotional opposition in many people: planning and mass public transportation. Throughout his discussion, the same theme recurs: the heart of the city must be kept healthy if the city as a whole is to prosper, and this, in turn, requires keeping the city's circulation system functioning at high efficiency. The greatest single threat to such healthy circulation is, of course, the passenger car.

The second half of this book is devoted to an analysis of nineteen major cities. Residents of those cities should find Futterman's objective, analytical comments on their home towns interesting and, possibly, disturbing. Of all of our major cities, San Francisco comes off best in Futterman's view while its idiot sister to the south, Los Angeles, comes off somewhere close to worst. Chicago and New York both receive more hopeful prognoses than is usually the case.

### A NATION OF SHEEP

By William J. Lederer (Norton, $3.75)

This is a kind of sequel to *The Ugly American,* of which Lederer was a co-author; and like that earlier expose of American naivete, this book is designed to shock us out of our blithe unconcern about the problems of a world which looks to us for leadership.

The thesis of this book is that we are, as a nation, uninformed, ill-informed, or misinformed on many of the questions that should concern us. Principal targets of the author's criticisms are the press, which still stuffs us full of trivia while its reporters overseas, in too many cases, get their "news" from government handouts instead of patient, on-the-scenes digging; and government which, in its preoccupation with security, "swallows information which should be public knowledge." (One out of every 180 Americans is authorized to classify, i.e., withhold, information.)

But, of course, when government and the press get away with this sort of thing in a free society, the real culprit is neither government nor the press but ourselves. Ours is not only the right, but the duty, to be informed. And we shall get the information we need when we want it badly enough to demand it.

The fact of the matter is, Lederer charges, that we don't really want to be informed. We want to go on titillating ourselves with trivia and skipping lightly over the hard, significant news. We don't want to read the kind of long, in-depth reporting that the *New York Times* and a few other excellent newspapers do; what we want is the "human interest" froth that passes for news in the popular press.

This being the case, the solution is obvious enough, and Lederer spells it out in plain, simple, down-to-earth terms. We need to ask questions of our public officials, to read the responsible newspapers and magazines, to listen to people who have specialized knowledge of particular places and problems, to do our own probing in encyclopedias and basic reference works, and then to make our own judgments and conclusions heard in public discussions and in private correspondence with those who represent us in government.

We shall do nothing of the sort, of course. A nation of sheep does not want information but inspiration. Like our forefathers of the Middle Ages, we are quite ready to go to war and die in any venture that our leaders can persuade us is a Crusade. Which, it would appear, is just about what we are getting all set to do.

### LIFE WITH WOMEN AND HOW TO SURVIVE IT

By Joseph Peck, M.D. (Prentice Hall, $3.50)

The crotchety style may a pose. At any rate, it is deceptive. For obviously Dr. Peck knows and likes women, although he has some uncommonly harsh thinks to say about the great majority of them.

Dr. Peck's thesis is that women are driven by an infernal whip of nature toward their destiny of multiplying and replenishing the earth, and that when this mission has been accomplished insofar as their own capacities permit they must either find acceptable outlets for their creative urges or go slightly barmy. Thus her early years are plagued by the necessity of making herself attractive so as to lure some male bearer of the Life Force to play bee to her rose, while the post-reproductive years are tormented by a growing feeling that life has become purposeless. From this latter group come the hyperthyroid do-gooders who are forever running about trying to remake the world, the hypochondriacs who have nothing left to contemplate except the uncertain state of their innards, the bridge fiends who dread nothing so much as being alone, the Reno-vators who figure that a change of husbands may be the cure for what ails them, and those fiercely maternal types who turn upon their husbands the full force of the stifling possessiveness from which their children have just escaped.

This may sound rather rough on women, and much of it is. An equally astringent writer could do much the same sort of job on men, for the burden of what Dr. Peck has to say is that, despite all of the old romantic notions about sugar and spice and everything nice, little girls and big women are, like little boys and big men, children of wrath who have their own peculiar inclinations and capacities for making life a hell on earth for other people. By the same token, they are capable of nobility and generosity and kindliness and self-sacrifice. The proof that Dr. Peck, for all his gruff old country-doctor rumblings, is no misogynist is that he has been married, for many, many years, to the same woman.

### REACHING FOR THE STARS

By Erik Berguast (Doubleday, $4.95)

The dust jacket for this book advises that the author has produced a biography of Wernher von Braun, the ex-German rocketeer currently employed by the National Aeronautics and Space Administration. It cannot be denied that von Braun is an interesting person. One wonders, however, whether the purpose of the book is indeed biographical. Of a total of thirty chapters, less than ten are devoted to the subject of Dr. von Braun. The major portion of the book consists of an admittedly biased history of the U.S. Army in the field of rocketry, and a large amount of propaganda designed to convince the reader that the role of the Army in rocket weaponry should be expanded. On many occasions, statements are prefaced by "von Braun points out," or "von Braun thinks," apparently in order to lend support to the views being presented.

It is the reviewer's opinion that those seeking a personal history of Dr. von Braun or a readable guide to the less intricate aspects of rockets and their applications will do well to look elsewhere than in *Reaching for the Stars.*

CARL FRITZ KNOPP

### LAND OF THE REED PLAINS

Paintings by Sanko Inoue, translation and commentary by Kenneth Yasuda (Tuttle, $4.50)

This anthology consists of an eight-page preface which introduces one hundred selected poems from the *Manyoshu,* each accompanied by an interpretive painting. Below each painting, hand-pasted into the book, is a version of the poem in Japanese orthography; to the right of this version is Yasuda's translation supplemented by sufficient background to deepen one's appreciation of each verse. There is also an index of first lines, topics, and authors.

Collected when the *Beowulf* epic was being composed, the *Manyoshu* contains some of the purest and most charmingly delicate poetry to be found in any poetic heritage. The visual impact of each page is as fully satisfying as the lyrical impact of poetry that communicates across the barrier of twelve centuries and an alien culture. Mr. Yasuda's duplication of the 5-7-5-7-7 syllable pattern of the *tanka*

form does not prevent him from freedom in rearranging the content so as to make the poem more intelligible to readers of another age and another tradition.

Those familiar only with the *haiku* and other later forms of Japanese poetry will welcome this attractive introduction to the *Manyoshu* and its lyrical treasures.

ROBERT EPP

# FICTION

### IN A SUMMER SEASON

By Elizabeth Taylor (Viking, $3.95)

This book justifies much praise critics have given to Elizabeth Taylor as a very competent contemporary English novelist, for it shows her as a craftsman undeniably. Its structure, in the first place, is workmanlike. Kate Heron's second marriage to a charming, mildly alcoholic, well-connected parasite, ten years her junior, satisfies for the time the special desires of a woman in her forties. The routine of the upper-middle-class household is altered. Things aren't in drawers where they used to be. Dinner parties are made up of incompatibles instead of six carefully chosen couples. The bed looms as an important piece of furniture. It is obvious from the beginning that this match with an exotic is an interlude. Tension develops and the exotic dies conveniently if believably, in view of his restless desire for speed, in an automobile accident. Kate's children also form exotic attachments: her twenty-two-year-old son Tom with the daughter of Kate's most intimate friend; Kate's sixteen-year-old daughter with a young curate. Smoked salmon, champagne, and remote country lanes are talismans of Tom's several affairs culminating in the one with Minty. His sister finds a fleeting satisfaction in sorting old shoes for a bazaar in the parish church and in an occasional tea with the curate. Minty, raised abroad after her mother's death, is too emancipated and her affections are too ephemeral and too disassociated from sex for her to settle down satisfactorily, the reader is made aware, as wife of the heir to the old self-made industrialist, Tom's grandfather. Her death in the same automobile accident that kills Dermot Heron ends a second interlude. And the curate, never a very serious suitor, disqualifies himself by becoming a Catholic. If, in the synopsis above, a few too many things seem contrived, Mrs. Taylor in the novel manages to make them less obtrusive; and the novel has a threefold, lateral web of complexities rather neatly spun. Kate's marriage to Minty's father, who is cut out of the same cloth as her first husband, completes the novel's structural movement of relaxation and return. The reader anticipates that the lives of her children will result in a comparable though probably less interesting formula.

Another talent Mrs. Taylor has is the ability to record authentically country life as it is lived within commuting distance of London by the commuting class. She has a gift for small, spare, revealing detail — jasmine pushing into windows left open in the summer; the texture of the flint-rubble walls of the early Victorian house, once a vicarge; plantain in the gravel of the drive; the tainted smell of a cooked turkey kept too long at the village butcher's; the taste in an English mouth of waffles with maple syrup, stuffed tomatoes, and meat garnished with canned pineapple, dishes carried over by the cook from service with an American family. Conversational details have the same flair: Sir Alfred's indignant claim to modernity when Dermot's curio-hunting mother questions him insistently but indirectly about his Victorian pieces — "I didn't live the whole of my life in that reign, you know." Or the logically illogical vocabulary of Tom's girlfriend Ignazia when she denies the truth of cliches she has been taught in Spain about the English being decent and reserved — "They are not so quiet. I believe that they are very quick and indecent."

In spite of the fact that Mrs. Taylor has skills better novelists sometimes lack, in spite of the fact that she has perception, wit, and a devasting candor, *In a Summer Season* does not leave an impression of being the work of a novelist of the first rank. What she lacks is a criticism of life that can command serious attention. Her approach is of a purely feminine kind. Feminine not in the sense of Virginia Woolf's delicate reception of the fluctuant mutations of life or her steady view into the nature of consciousness; and feminine not in the sense of Jane Austen's needle-stitch satiric examinations of provincial character; but feminine in the sense of a more refined version of the mind at work in the advice columns of the Woman's Page. We are offered, after all, in all seriousness, the special concerns of a woman on the verge of the menopause, widowed when her children are struggling towards maturity. And we are asked to accept the solution of male guidance resulting from marriage to the husband of an old friend. And we are asked to accept the mores of suburbia, a little richer in the English variety, as an artist's credo of life.

It is true that Mrs. Taylor doubles the point of view contrapuntally in parts of the novel by presenting events through the eyes of Kate's maiden aunt, a retired school teacher addicted to numerous idosyncrasies of a health-preserving kind — swallowing rose-hip tablets, slapping vaseline into the broken veins of her weathered face. She discusses her niece's problems in letters to a former suffragette friend, whose life is now devoted to caring for sick and wounded birds in Cornwall. Kate's serious concern is thus often accompanied by a high hilarity as the two old maids explore with advanced biological and psychological knowledge intimate personal matters of which they have no experience. Their reading of manuals on sex, for example, leads them to imagine the most complicated acrobatics. But such moments do not give the novel a consistent and richly comic view of life. Kate remains Mrs. Taylor's protagonist. And her sensibility is too near the surface to meet the requirements of great literature.

J. E. SAVESON

### A MAN IN A MIRROR

By Richard Llewellyn (Doubleday, $5.75)

The hero of this timely novel of modern Africa is Nterenke, a young leader of the Masai of Kenya. During boyhood and early youth, Nterenke was raised according to the Masai mores and had successfully completed the various native rites leading to manhood. He had, in fact, reached the ranks of the Ol Morane, the fierce, spear-wielding warriors, when he was sent to a European school in Kenya.

Few members of his tribe had had this advantage, so when his education was completed, the elders assigned Nterenke the task of interpreting the outside world to the Masai and of finding the position this proud race should take in the rapidly changing political world of Africa.

To reacquaint himself with his people and to reach some determination on which customs his nation should retain and which European innovations they might embrace without hurting their excellent system of discipline, Nterenke wanders through his homeland, reliving, by flashbacks, his early life in a tribal village. When his journey is completed, he has reached a few conclusions and he has found a way for the Masai to live in a new world of conflict. At the end, he is elevated by his people to a rank corresponding to Prime Minister, which augurs well for the Masai in the future.

Few white novelists have been so successful in interpreting the thoughts and actions of the Africans as has Llewellyn in this novel. His understanding of the admirable Masai, their viewpoints, and their culture is unusually complete. The atmosphere he creates — of a mud-walled village, a meeting of the primitive Council meeting, a lion hunt, or of any aspect of native life — is so realistic and absorbing that the reader can even accept the marriage of Nterenke to three girls in one ceremony as something of a love interest.

This novel is not only an entertaining and well-written one; it also creates a

greater understanding of Africa today than most non-fiction.

### THE BEST SHALL DIE

By Eric Roman (Prentice Hall, $4.00)

Newspaperman Andras Szabo believes that any newspaperman's first obligation is to write the truth. To betray the Party means little, for tomorrow's vacillation may glorify today's traitor. But to betray the profession is irredeemable betrayal. In this novel Andras Szabo's struggle to expose the truth is unfolded in a youth work camp, on a Budapest newspaper staff, and finally as a revolutionary editor for a few hours in that strife-torn city.

In the book, Szabo criticizes his own work: the correct words are there, but somehow the mood is missing. Though Roman's style manages to build tension, the reader feels in places that the hero's criticism applies also to the author.

Opposite the title page is the pessimistic dedication, "To the young who died in vain." In his cell Szabo wonders whether those who escaped to freedom were cowards, or whether they escaped to eulogize the young fighters and alert the world to Hungary's plight. He concludes that if the latter was their purpose, all has been in vain, for freedom has made them forget. The reader suspects that in these lines Roman, himself an escapee, is voicing his own inner doubts. But if so, all was not in vain, for he at least has remembered and written of the best who died.

JANET SIEBER

### THE SHE-WOLF OF FRANCE

By Maurice Druon; tr. by Humphrey Hare (Scribner's, $4.50)

A segment of history sufficiently exciting to need no embroidery furnishes a ready-made plot for this excellent novel.

Isabella, daughter of Philip the Fair of France, sister to three successive French kings, wife of Edward II of England, was wronged as both queen and spouse through her husband's depraved involvement with favorite courtiers. Sent to France to negotiate a peace treaty, Isabella refused to return home. She and Roger Mortimer, a rebellious English baron who became her lover, collected an army and invaded England. They killed the king's favorites, forced Edward to abdicate, and had his young son crowned. The deposed monarch was later imprisoned and murdered. Here the book ends. Had it been extended, it would have reviewed a misrule by the viceregents, Isabella and her paramour, possibly even more gross than that of Edward II.

Druon has included a few fictitious characters, all in minor roles. These, as well as the historical figures, are admirably three-dimensional, although it is in this realm of characterization that a sole adverse criticism might be offered. During the early part of the narrative, Isabella captures the reader's sympathies to such an extent that, later, the ferocity of her pleasure in revenge, while illuminating the aptness of the book's title, is completely shocking.

The author quotes the Goncourt brothers to the effect that "History is a novel which has been lived." He has accomplished here as neat a job of reconversion as one could hope to find.

### THE LOVELY AMBITION

By Mary Ellen Chase (W. W. Norton, $3.95)

The author looks back to the turn of the century when John Tillyard, a Wesleyan parson, transplanted his family from an English village to a Methodist parish in Maine. Considerable time is spent in exploring the family background for explanations of this move, of the five years the Tillyard family was in America, and of subsequent events.

John Tillyard's quite unorthodox opinions about man's obligation to his fellow man, and his unusual and perhaps unwise activities in behalf of unfortunate persons, stemmed from his "love of God [which] extended quite naturally to a love and concern for all men, and especially for the humble and undistinguished among them." Today his ambition to apply humanitarian convictions would be lauded; at the turn of the century they were lamented.

The book contains delightful descriptions of the Suffolk countryside and of downeast Maine. The experiences of the Tillyard family are related with humor and compassion. In her conclusion, Miss Chase considerately informs the reader of the changes the succeeding fifty years brought in the lives of the family and their friends.

In the opinion of this reviewer, the book, like John Tillyard's life, was "never completely fulfilled except in hope and confidence."

LELA L. LONES

### I, BENEDICT ARNOLD: THE ANATOMY OF TREASON

By Cornel Lengyel (Doubleday, $3.95)

Six weeks after marriage to beautiful Peggy Shippen, General Benedict Arnold, hero of Ticonderoga, Quebec and Saratoga, was in treasonable correspondence with his wife's former suitor, British Major John Andre. Their carefully planned scheme to deliver West Point into the hands of enemy forces, with the capture of General Washington himself as a possible last-minute bonus, came within a hairsbreadth of succeeding. Andre was caught and hanged as a spy. Arnold escaped. He went to England to finish out his life — despised, but well paid, by the British.

Almost every detail is now known concerning cause, course, and result of this notorious act of treason. Cornel Lengyel gives his historically accurate account slightly imaginative treatment, such as reporting conversations known to have taken place, but unrecorded. His narrative is well organized, and flows easily. It constitutes an interesting re-creation of a crucial episode in American history.

### TALES FROM A TROUBLED LAND

By Alan Paton (Scribner's, $3.50)

Many of the ten short tales in this book are based on Paton's experiences, years ago, as head of a colored boys' reform school. These particular stories, based on the author's recollections, are not the best in the collection, though two are memorable — "Ha'Penny," a tender story, sympathetically told, of an orphan boy who adopts a family so he will have experiences to tell his friends; and "Sponona," the wry tale of a Negro boy with the best of intentions who could never live up to them.

The most powerful story, and one that shows Paton at his best, is "Life for a Life," a taut account, filled with impending doom, about the murder of a white master and the brutal but anticipated retaliation on the servants by the white police. "A Drink in the Passage," in which a white man, under the spell of a piece of sculpture executed by a Negro, invites a black man to his apartment for a drink which they must have in the hallway outside, has its humorous touches, but illustrates again that in South Africa the white and the black are as far apart as ever.

While the quality of these stories varies, all are entertaining, if one can use that term about a book in which the mood is unrelentingly tragic. It is a significant book by the finest writer in Africa today, and it is only Paton's third in the past twelve years.

### THE WATCHMAN

By Davis Grubb (Scribner's, $3.95)

Sheriff Luther Alt of Mound County, West Virginia, is strong, rigidly self-controlled, and ever watchful. Silent, waiting, he keeps the peace, and a careful eye on his older daughter. One morning a young man who has been wooing her is found shot to death. With increasing pace, action in the book builds to a crashing climax of savage violence.

In essence, though not in setting, *The Watchman* is an example of Southern Gothic fiction. Its subject matter and general effect bear similarities to those earlier novels of William Faulkner's of which two are currently being presented to the public, transmuted, one into a moving picture, its sequel into a play. Nymphomania, madness, revelation of rape

and multiple murder, drench the story in melodrama.

Yet the book is something more than the foregoing paragraph indicates. While his leading female figures possess no more individuality than so many case histories by Krafft-Ebing, Grubb has created several male characters not easily forgotten. His powerful, poetic imagery helps to induce and sustain a feeling of nightmarish suspense. Finally, there is no remembered scene in fiction which more nearly approaches the best of classic tragedy in its irresistible evocation of intense pity and horror, than that in which Sheriff Alt makes his last appearance.

**EPIDEMIC**

By Frank G. Slaughter (Doubleday, $3.95) ,

Suspense builds up as the progress of the epidemic increases to a startling climax. The author holds his audience in the throes of an experience which often tends to be too filled with medical jargon but is nonetheless comprehendable to the average reader. The appearance of the Black Death, together with an under-current of powerful intrigue, keeps the novel from becoming merely an exposition on diseases.

The drama of the hospital room and the theme of another enemy to be conquered and subdued sustain interest to the final page. A good mystery novel for an evening of light reading.

BERNICE RUPRECHT

**A SHOOTING STAR**

By Wallace Stegner (Viking, $5.00)

Wallace Stegner gives to the ordinary highways and byways in the far West an exciting infusion of the surrounding beauty of the countryside, pointing out the small things unnoticed by the casual observer. An account of a journey taken by the heroine, Sabrina Castro, who traversed the ribbons of pavements through the dark night with no specific destination in mind, this novel has an appeal that stimulates the reader with its breathless and exciting commentary.

As the lengthy narration unfolds, Sabrina Castro's introspection into the complexities of her several extra-marital affairs becomes tiresome and boring. The web of family intrigue which is woven throughout the book becomes too unreal to be accepted by the reader, although the contrast between the life of her own ancestor-worshipping relatives compared to that of her present modern suburban-living friends is startlingly portrayed.

The book is excellent not only for its character development, but especially for its magical and vivid depiction of surroundings and occurences.

B. RUPRECHT

## THE SQUIRREL

The squirrel
(smelling of brown rain)
sniffs meaty pleasure
on the swelling breeze
so separates
the garden twigs
investigates
the fallen leaves

The squirrel
(nervous
in the service
of his family)
HALTS
then scrambles up
the maple tree
without his treasure

The squirrel
had a hunch
that I was sinister
but it proved false
for I was minister
of good will
with brown walnuts
for his lunch

DAVID PEARSON ETTER

# My Conscience Screams No!

By ANNE HANSEN

THERE WAS A TIME when movie magazines were relatively innocuous. Then the emphasis was on glamour, on romance, and on inane speculation about the great and would-be-great inhabitants of the make-believe world which we call Hollywood. In recent years, however, the character of these purveyors of gossip and misinformation has undergone a marked change. Now these magazines seem to be engaged in a frantic race to outdo one another in sensational captions and in the presentation of intimate details concerning the private lives of the popular figures of the day. Incidentally, these concoctions are often not only in poor taste but are out-and-out fabrications.

Here are just a few of the captions I have copied from magazines on sale on a neighborhood newsstand. They are presented just as they appeared on the covers, and they were selected from one issue of the respective publications. "My Heart Cried No! — But My Body Screamed Yes!!!"; "The Dangerous Decision Liz and Eddie Face"; "The Fantastic Truth About Liz and Eddie — Frankie and Marilyn"; "Scoop! The Real Lowdown on Elvis"; "Warren Beatty: Is He the Sexiest Thing Around?"; "How Long Can I Keep a Secret No Man Can Forgive?"; "Nightmare for Young Lovers"; "Is it a Crime to Have a Good Time?"; and "The Dangers Facing Sandra Dee's Baby!" It seems to me that extensive comment is unnecessary. This is journalism at its worst.

Two new magazines devoted to the performing arts made their debuts in September. The premiere issue of *Show Business Illustrated* outlines the ambitious plans for this glossy new biweekly in a message from Hugh M. Hefner, editor and publisher. Mr. Hefner tells us that *Show Business Illustrated* is specially designed to reflect "the entire spectrum of show business." It is only fair to say that the first issue does just that. It explores every aspect of the entertainment world and offers commentaries and reviews by well-known authors and critics. It will be interesting to see whether subsequent issues realize the high aims and standards which the publisher has set as his goal.

The second newcomer, *Show,* had not made its appearance at the time this column was written. I shall report on it in the next issue of *The Cresset,* together with a follow-up on the next edition of *Show Business Illustrated.*

At the moment TV viewing is still in the becalmed state known as the doldrums. By the time this appears in print, however, a new season of TV programs will be under way. One excellent new series made its appearance in late July. This is the *International Hour,* which presents fine drama, music, and art features from many parts of the world.

The late Gary Cooper made a unique place for himself in the motion-picture world. He was highly respected as a man of integrity and widely acclaimed as an artist of outstanding ability. Mr. Cooper's acting style was distinctly individual. He belonged to no special school of acting, and throughout his long and brilliant career he remained simple, rather taciturn, and unaffected. The late star will be remembered for many superb performances in a wide variety of roles. In view of this it is doubly regrettable that his last picture, *The Naked Edge* (United Artists, Michael Anderson), is entirely unworthy of Mr. Cooper's fine talent. A big-name cast and extravagant publicity cannot compensate for a weak plot and inept direction.

Another star of unquestioned ability is the victim of a dull film adapted from an equally dull book. Ingrid Bergman suffers intensely in *Goodby Again* (United Artists, Anatole Litvak), based on *Aimez-Vous Brahms?,* a boring novel by Francoise Sagan. The audience suffers no less intensely, believe me.

Many of the so-called "new wave" films from Europe have been excellent. *The Truth* (Hans Films, Kingsley-International) is expertly made. Henri-Georges Clouzot, who must be ranked among the ablest directors of our day, achieves stark and graphic realism in this sordid and ugly tale of vice, corruption, and murder. This is not for children and young adults, and I wonder whether even an adult really derives either pleasure or profit from it.

Other summertime release: *Two Rode Together* (Columbia, John Ford), an offbeat western starring James Stewart and Richard Widmark; *By Love Possessed* (United Artists, John Sturges), a sorry hodge-podge based on the popular novel by James Gould Cozzens;*Romanoff and Juliet* (Universal-International, Peter Ustinov), a sparkling spoof on the current unsettled state of world politics; and two mildly diverting comedies — *The Honeymoon Machine* (M-G-M, Richard Thorpe) and *Come September* (Universal-International, Robert Mulligan).

# A Minority Report

## A Republican View

By VICTOR F. HOFFMANN

WILLIAM E. MILLER, Congressman from the fortieth district of New York, spoke to the annual meeting of the American Political Science Association, convened in St. Louis during the first full week of September.

He is a Republican with a background and education that lends itself to a sharp understanding of the modern era and the current problems of the Republican party.

Born in Lockport, New York, in 1914, he was graduated from Notre Dame and from the Albany Law School of Union University. He had extensive military experience during World War II which was ultimately topped by the duties of being assistant prosecutor under the late Supreme Court Justice Robert A. Jackson in the trials of the Nazi war criminals at Nuremberg, Germany.

Though his career had always skirted the edges of the political, his specific political life began with his election to Congress in 1950, the 82nd Congress.

He is currently the national chairman of the Republican party.

His address to some of America's political scientists began with some references to the political affiliations of these political scientists. Acknowledging that a great many of them had belonged to the opposition party in the past (he never refers to the Democratic party), he wanted to let people know that thousands of political scientists had also worked for the Republican party in the 1960 campaign.

He was quick to solicit the help, the knowledge, the "know-how," and the wisdom of America's political scientists for the advancement of "our great party."

Said he: "I want to remove a whole series of Chinese walls that cut us off from some important segments of the American people." Obviously, he had in mind not only college professors and political scientists but also the Negro, the ethnic groups, the laboring man, the Roman Catholic, the urban voter, many of whom seem to be in the Democratic voting ranks.

In a specific manner, and with some detail, Chairman Miller held forth some worthwhile projects for the Republican party and for American citizens generally: 1. the purity of the election process; 2. the healthy competition of two major parties; 3. the elimination of archaic and outmoded election machinery; and 4. the perpetuation of a tougher America.

Speaking to the current war situation, he was of the opinion that "there is plenty of room for Republican criticism — within the dimensions of freedom and liberty." And this he did, criticize the opposition party and its standard-bearer, as he himself continued "the continuing debate" in a free society. Like Churchhill, said Miller, we must criticize and debate with conviction as honorable men when we notice downward trends for the future before us is important.

Standing on the contradictions that politicians and all of us sometimes do not see, he insisted that Hoover as an individual could not have been responsible for the depression while he was also insisting that the Republican party and Eisenhower had stopped war in the fifties, had curbed inflation, had stopped Communism in Guatemala, started the missile program, settled Lebanon without military action, and extended foreign aid. Suddenly inflation and war, unlike Hoover's depression, were not world-wide and could have been stopped by Democratic administrations. At the same time that he was condemining social legislation, he wanted everyone to know that the Republicans had also supported social security and programs that would "clothe the hungry and feed the poor," that "would let the starved eat their bread with dignity and freedom." Moreover, shouted Miller, "we are for foreign aid to help people in places like the Middle East and Asia. We carried on and extended foreign aid in the Eisenhower administration." The Republicans, according to the present chairman of the party, have always been for housing, have helped the Negro since the days of the Civil War, and even want federal aid to education "for everyone is entitled to a free, academic education."

Over and over again, Miller insisted that "we will take care of proven needs on a matching fund and per capita basis."

In terms of the party's future, he said that the Republicans "will have to make gains in '61 and '62 or we will have to look under the rocks for a presidential candidate in '64."

He feels that "our party has a good chance to take the governorship of New Jersey and the mayor's office in New York City." He pointed out that the Republicans lost thirty-five seats in Congress by five per cent of the vote.

# The Pilgrim

Professor Goehring

*"All the trumpets sounded for him on the other side"*
—PILGRIM'S PROGRESS

By O. P. KRETZMANN

Dear Marian:

The second paragraph of your letter reads as follows: "Francis Bacon wrote in 'Of Friendship': 'Whosoever is delighted in solitude is either a wild beast or a god.' This reminds me of John Donne's sermon which said: 'No man is an island, entire of itself.' Do you agree with Bacon's statement and would you please explain by means of examples or illustrations?"

Let me say, first of all, that I am pleased by the fact that you managed to squeeze the father of the modern scientific method and one of history's greatest preachers into the same paragraph . . . In a way they belong together . . . They represent complementary parts of our humanness . . . If you know both of them well, you have the two handles by which life and thought can be borne . . .

Here, however, Bacon is wrong . . . and history is full of "examples" and "illustrations" . . . There is a benediction in solitude which is known by all who have learned that man does not live by bread alone . . . The unexamined life is not worth living — and its examining must be done in solitude . . . It is in solitude that the vertical relations of life come to strength and focus, especially in an apocalyptic world . . . In the harmony of "aloneness" and "togetherness" lies man's potenial greatness and his certain joy . . . There must be moments when the winds have been hushed and the throb and tumult of our world have been forgotten in solitude . . . This is really what we mean when we pray that strange and magical collect — saying to God "Who alone can order the wills and affections of sinful men, to grant unto His people that they may love the thing which He commands, and desire that which He promises; that so among the sundry and manifold changes of the world, our hearts may surely there be fixed where true joys are to be found" . . . This fixing of the heart, this calling home of the mind, this return to our rest can come only with solitude . . .

I am sure that you can see that this solitude must be of a certain kind . . . It is not the solitude of sleep or of doing nothing, or of selfish separation from others . . . It is a solitude which can bring great and shining things . . . A good Christian once wrote: "To get alone — to dare to be alone — with God, this, I am persuaded, is one of the best ways of doing anything in the world . . . If we are ever to be or to do anything, if we are ever to be full of deep, permanent, rational enthusiasm, we must know God . . . If we are ever to know each other, we must know Him first . . . I believe that we do most for those whom God has begun to teach us to love, not by constantly thinking of their goodness, their grace, their simplicity, but by never thinking of them apart from God . . . Thus human love will correct itself with, and finds its root in, divine love . . . But this we can do only if we are willing to be alone with Him"...

And so — Bacon was wrong . . . Neither beasts or gods, you and I can be delighted with this kind of productive solitude . . . And here too Donne's observation "No man is an island" enters the picture . . . Really good solitude will always result in the realization that we belong to humanity because we belong to God . . . Do you remember the entire quotation? . . . "No man is an island, entire of itself; every man is a piece of the continent, a part of the main" . . . I really hope that you will recognize this as one of the most important truths in life and history . . . no man is alone in the sea of time . . . we are part of the continent of life around us . . . its length and its breadth, its tokens still so faint and so broken of a super-intending design . . . the greatness and littleness of man . . . his far aims and his short duration, the curtain hung over his future, the disappointments of life, the temporary defeat of good and the momentary success of evil, the physical pain and the mental anguish of those around us, the prevalence and intensity of sin and the prevalence and intensity of grace . . . all this is yours and mine — and to try to pass by on the other side, selfish and alone, is finally spiritually fatal and morally of the essence of evil . . .

One more word for today . . . This truth comes to us, in its final and highest sense, in God through Jesus Christ . . . here is the ultimate revelation that no man is an island . . . for God saw us, in compassion and pity, as part of the lost continent of human souls . . . And He in turn, in His Son Jesus Christ our Lord, refused to be an island . . . in the manger, in the garden and on the Cross He said to us: "I have become a part of you, your race, your pain, your destiny . . . I am not an island, aloof and far away — and you shall not be either, not for Me and not for your fellowmen" . . . And this, it seems to me, is a good way to live . . .